The New Path to Reading
Book Three

Antique
1.00

Cordts

PHILLIPS

950

Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................
Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................
Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................

Des Moines Public Schools
Date Issued APR 1930 No.............................
You will be required to pay for any damage this book may receive while in your possession or for it's full value if lost

Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................
Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................
Loaned Date.................. To..Rtd.....................

DES MOINES PUBLIC SCHOOLS
JUL 36
MENDED

The New Path to Reading

Book Three

By

Anna Dorothea Cordts
Professor of Elementary Education
at Iowa State Teachers College

Illustrated by
Marguerite Davis
Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott

Ginn and Company
Boston · New York · Chicago · London
Atlanta · Dallas · Columbus · San Francisco

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ANNA DOROTHEA CORDTS
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

629.8

The Athenæum Press
GINN AND COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

Preface

Children who have read the preceding books of The New Path to Reading will master this book with ease and pleasure, and when that is done they will have learned how to read. That is, they will be able to read intelligently and unaided anything from the printed page which they can understand through the spoken word.

The first month's reading provides for a thorough review of all the significant words in the preceding book. The vocabulary throughout the book is well graded and is simpler than that ordinarily found in readers for this grade.

A special effort has been made to keep the sentences as short and simple as is consistent with good form and style.

The stories, based on literary merit and children's choices, represent an unusually wide range of interests, including folklore and other classic tales which are the rightful heritage of every child, as well as true stories of travel and adventure; stories about farm and pioneer life in America; and stories of some of the world's most interesting animals and people.

The exciting incidents which are told and the delightful and dramatic style in which these stories are written have endeared them to the hundreds of children who have read them.

Not all the stories in the book are intended for work or study. Many stories are included solely for recreation and enjoyment, and, although they appear toward the end of the book, the sentence structure and vocabulary are so simple that many of the children will be able to read them at sight.

The brief introductory studies which precede the stories are for the purpose of establishing a background of familiarity and providing proper motives for reading. The exercises following the stories are intended to save the teacher's time in providing suitable seat work and in testing the pupils' proficiency in the recognition of certain new words and in the proper interpretation of the thought.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following for the use of copyrighted material: Henry Holt and Company and the author for "The Cupboard" from "Collected Poems," by Walter de la Mare; the *Woman's Home Companion* for "A Candle," by Leroy F. Jackson; *The Youth's Companion* for "Trading Timothy Titus." Extracts from "The Song of Hiawatha" are reprinted by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Contents

PAGE
On the New Path to Reading . *Elizabeth Stuart* 3
Mother's Birthday . . . . *Mary L. Hall* 5
The Tale that had No End 12
More Tales 19
The First Mosquitoes 20
The Tongue-Cut Sparrow 25
The Fisherman and his Wife 33
The Hero William Tell 42
My Front-Porch Friends, Fee, Fie, and Fo-fum
E. Laurence Palmer 50
Elephants 61
Circus Elephants 66
The Helicon Bass . . . . . . *Elizabeth Stuart* 80
P. T. B. 82
P. T. Barnum . . . . *Thomas M. Cable* 83
The Buffalo 95
The Buffalo Family . . . . . . *Colbe Klingman* 96
Whoa! There! 107
An Exciting Story . . . . *Mary L. Hall* 110
Malindy's Cats 114
Lydia makes a Barrel of Soap 118
Lydia's Thanksgiving Dinner 124
The Cupboard . . . . *Walter de la Mare* 130
The Eskimo 132
A True Eskimo Story 135
Azazruk and the Camooganpooks . . *Roy J. Snell* 136

PAGE

Olaf of Orchard Farm 147

John's Adventure 158

Somebody's Friends 172

Our Good Friend the Toad . . *Alice B. LeFever* 173

Trading Timothy Titus 178

On Grandfather's Farm 186

Grandpa's Pet Crow 194

The Little Runaway Stars 198

Four Baby Woodchucks 202

New Americans . . . *Mona Kathbell Comings* 209

America . . . . *Samuel Francis Smith* 221

A Great American Painter 222

Benjamin West . . . . *M. C. Thie* 223

The Shepherd Boy who became King 232

David . . . . *Mabel Conkling Thomas* 233

The Girl who Painted her Pets 244

Rosa Bonheur . . . *Thelma Grabell De Maus* 245

The Girl who wrote True Stories
Mabel Conkling Thomas 256

The Swedish Song Bird 266

Jenny Lind . . . . . *Mabel Conkling Thomas* 267

The Song of Hiawatha 278

Hiawatha 279

A True Indian Story 285

The Boy who Conquered Himself *Marion Colman* 286

Two Great Heroes 296

Christopher Columbus 297

Charles Lindbergh 302

A Candle . . . . *Leroy F. Jackson* 310

The New Path to Reading

Book Three

On the New Path to Reading

Again on the New Path to Reading you go.
What a glorious path it will be!
You never can guess all the joys you will know
And what wonderful sights you will see!

You will read of big buffaloes out on the plains
And of elephants mighty and strong,
Of Lindbergh's long flight for a day and a night,
Of a child with a wonderful song.

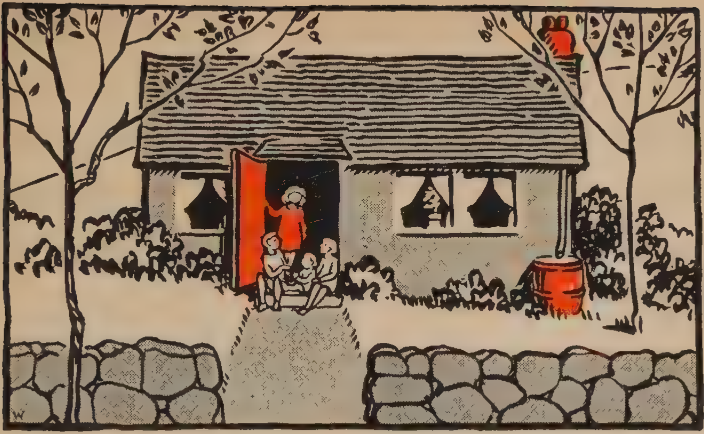
And maybe some brownies you'll meet on the road,
Or fireflies lighting the way,

A spider, a wasp, a squirrel, a toad,
And a wee little kitten at play.

But how will you speak to an Eskimo child
If you meet one or two on the page?
And shall you be scared if a giant goes wild
And gnashes his teeth in a rage?

But how can I name every wonderful sight
To be seen on this wonderful way?
There are birthdays and parties and plays to delight
As you follow this path every day.

Elizabeth Stuart



Mother's Birthday

In a wee brown house at the end of a road four children were whispering together.

"Tomorrow is mother's birthday," said Ann. "What nice thing can we give her?"

Margaret, Walter, and little Lou looked up into Ann's face with eager eyes. If big sister didn't know, what should they do?

How they all loved their mother! She was like a bird in her brown nest, happy and busy with her little ones. They loved her twinkling blue eyes and her merry laugh and all her loving care.

"We must do something nice for mother's birthday," they said softly.

"We have no pennies, you know," said Ann.

"But there are flowers," said Walter. "The wild roses will be open, I know, because I saw their buds yesterday. There will be ever so many in the pasture by the hill."

"Let's get up early in the morning and surprise mother," said Margaret. "We can pick whole handfuls of flowers before she is up."

The next morning, when the first

bird sang, Ann slipped out of bed. She ran barefooted to each little cot and kissed the pink cheeks of the sleeping children.

"Sh, sh," she said, as they tumbled out of bed. "Mother must not hear."

Little Lou could hardly get her eyes open. But Walter and Ann took her chubby little hands as they tiptoed out of the house and away into the pasture.

"Oh, oh!" cried first one and then another, as they spied the pink blossoms shining in the sun.

"Mine have diamonds on them," cried Walter.

"But come now. We must hurry," said Ann, "or mother will be up."

The children quickly picked the blossoms and ran back to the little house.

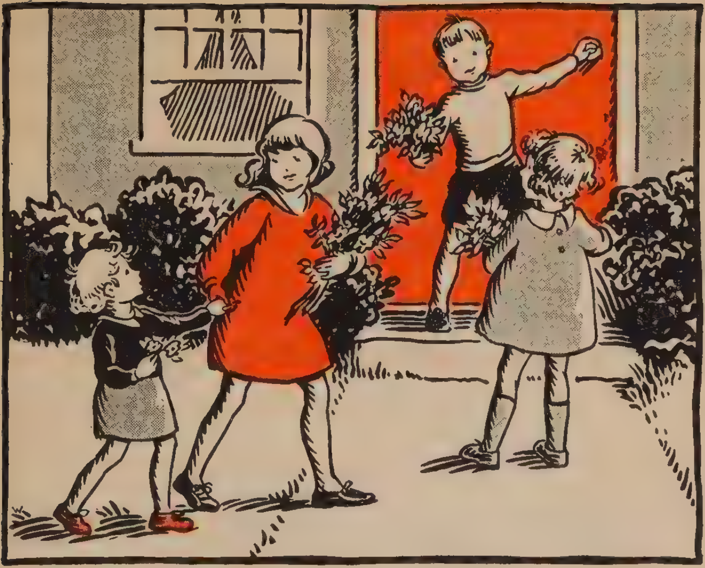
"But how shall we wake mother, and how shall we give the flowers to her?" asked Margaret, just outside the door.

"I wish we had some music," said Ann.

"I know," said Walter. "Let's make some. We'll take mother's own pans and pot lids and we'll make our own music. How mother will laugh! Lou is the smallest, so she may carry the flowers."

"Sh, sh," they whispered as they tip-toed into the kitchen.

Margaret got two big lids. Walter brought out the dish pan and the wooden spoon. Ann took down the big brass kettle. Little Lou led the way, and away marched the merry-makers into mother's room.



Such a racket! Such a din! But oh, such music!

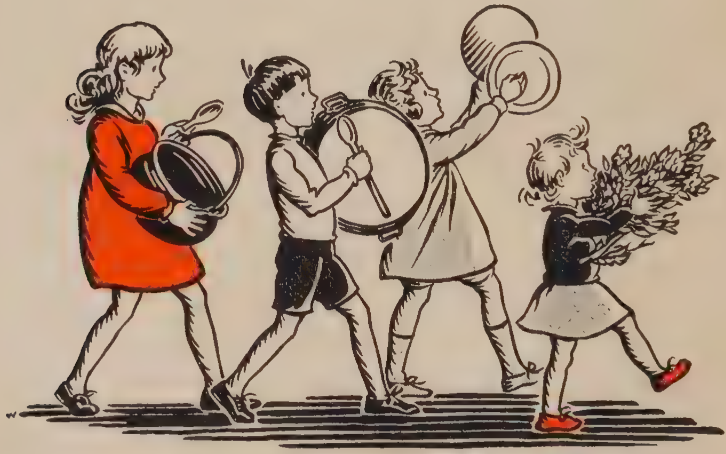
Mother sat up in bed with a start.

"Children! Children!" she cried. "What is all this?"

"Happy birthday! Happy birthday, Mother dear!" they all shouted. "And here are some flowers for you with our love."

Mother's eyes shone just like the diamonds on Walter's roses. She gathered the little band into her arms, — pans, pot lids, kettle, flowers, and all.

"Happy birthday, indeed! And you are the dearest gift of all," said mother, as she gave each one a kiss.



Something to Do

You have just read the story called "Mother's Birthday." It was a true story that told how four little children surprised their mother on her birthday.

Without looking back at the story, see if you can tell

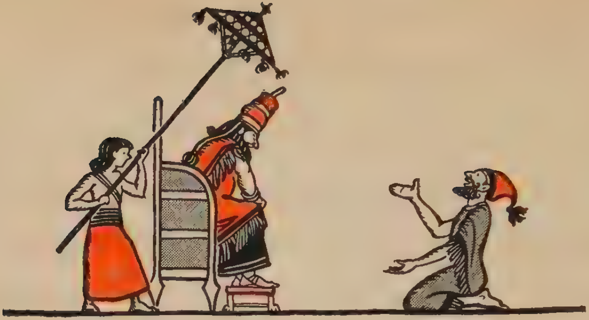
(1) who thought of giving mother some flowers for her birthday

(2) what the children did to surprise their mother

(3) how they made the music

(4) what mother said as she gathered the little band into her arms

Perhaps you would like to read the story for some one else to enjoy. Tell which part of the story you liked best.



The Tale that had No End

Did you ever hear of a tale that had no end?

In the Far East there once ruled a very queer king. He was interested in only one thing. He liked to listen to stories. Men came from all over the world to tell stories to this king.

"That was a fine story," he would say to the story-teller. "But it was much too short. Tell me a longer tale. Tell me a story that has no end. Then I can listen to it forever."

But no one in the country knew a story that would last forever. So the king offered a great prize.

He said: "I will give my fairest daughter to any man who can tell me a story that has no end. He shall be king after me, and he shall have all my gold and silver."

But this was not all. The king added something else.

"The man who tries to tell such a story and fails shall have his head cut off."

Now the princess was very beautiful, and all the young men in the kingdom wanted to win her. But, of course, no one wanted to risk his head, so only a few men came to try for the prize. Once a man told a story that lasted four months. But after that he could not think of another word to say, and off came his head!

One day a young man from far away came to see the king.

"Is it true, great king," he asked, "that you will give a prize to the man who can tell you a story that has no end?"

"It is true," said the king.

"And what is the prize?" asked the man.

"My fairest daughter, my throne, and all my gold and silver," answered the king. "That is, if he succeeds."

"And what if he fails?" asked the man.

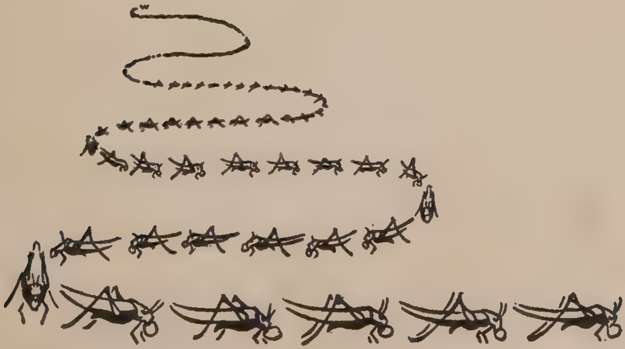
"If he fails, he shall have his head cut off," said the king.

"Very well!" said the man. "I have a good story about some locusts."

"Tell it to me," cried the king. "Begin at once. I shall listen."

So the story-teller began.

"Once there was a king who stored away in a big barn all the corn in the land. A great swarm of locusts came into the country and found out where the corn was stored. After a long time they found a little crack in the side of the barn. It was just big enough for one locust to get through. So one locust went in and carried out a kernel of corn.

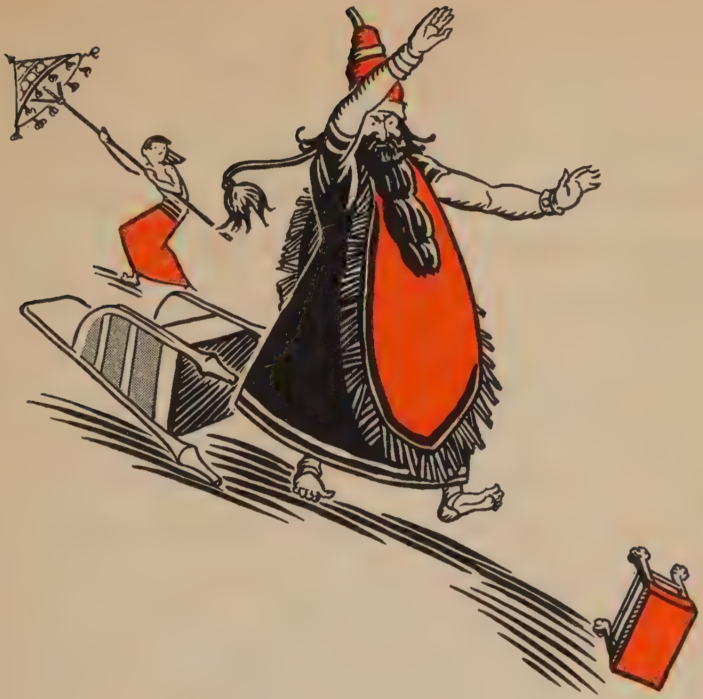


Then another locust went in and carried out a kernel of corn. Then another locust went in and carried out a kernel of corn. Then another locust went in and carried out a kernel of corn."

And so the story-teller went on week after week, month after month, until the king was nearly crazy. At the end of the year the king cried out: "Man alive! How much longer will the locusts be going in one at a time to carry out a kernel of corn?"

"Oh, my good king," said the story-teller. "They have by this time carried out only a foot and a half, and there are many thousand feet of corn in the barn. So you see the locusts are only nicely started."

"Then stop! Stop, I say!" cried the king. "You will drive me crazy! Do



not let me hear another word! Take my daughter! Take my gold! Rule my kingdom! But save me from those locusts!"

As long as the king lived he never asked to hear another story.

Do you blame him?

A Hunting Game

These lines are in the story you have just read. Find each line in the story. Write the sentence that has the line in it.

1. a very queer king
2. only one thing
3. another word
4. hear another story
5. just big enough
6. another locust
7. if he succeeds
8. about some locusts
9. only nicely started
10. who stored away

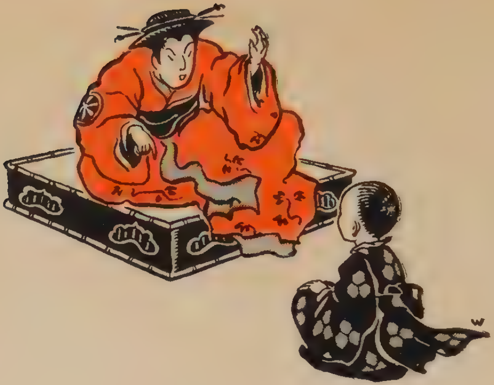
More Tales

Here are the names of three more tales:

The First Mosquitoes
The Tongue-Cut Sparrow
The Fisherman and his Wife

But each of these tales has an end, so you had better not tell them to the king! It will be fun to see how these tales end.

The first tale tells — but perhaps you would rather find out for yourself. It begins on the very next page.

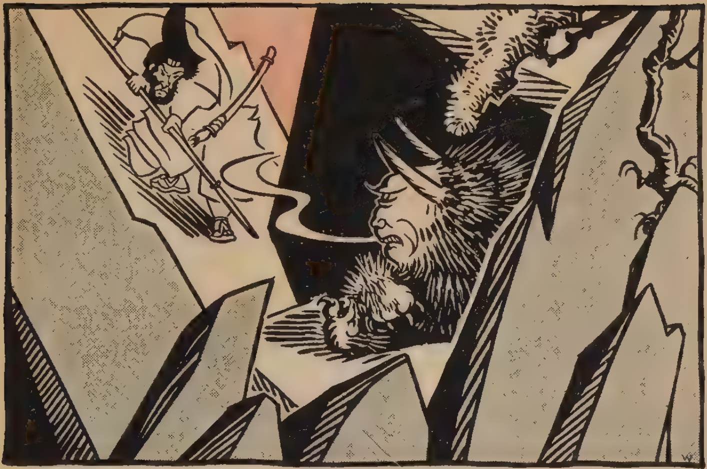


The First Mosquitoes

Should you like to hear a story that little Karo's grandmother told him in far-away Japan?

Little Karo always sits on the floor in front of his grandmother when she tells him a story.

"Once, long, long ago" (that's the way grandmother always began) "there was a fierce-looking goblin in Japan. He was so ugly that he had to live all by himself in a cave in the mountains.

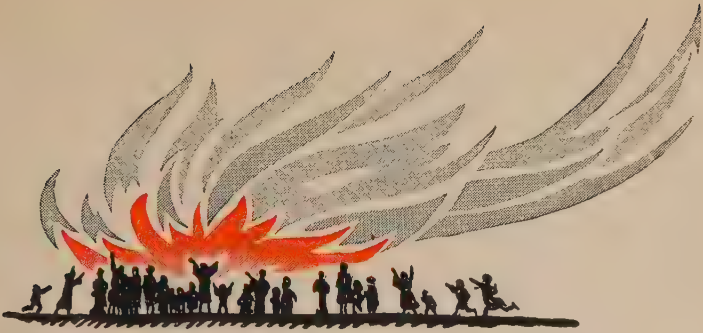


"He had only one eye, but it was as big as a bowl. His big, broad body was covered with thick brown hair. With his long, sharp horns he stabbed everything that came his way. Even brave men were afraid to go to the mountains to hunt. Many hunters had tried to kill the monster, but they never came back. It seemed that no arrow was sharp enough even to hurt the ugly thing.

"The people of Japan had given up hope of ever getting rid of him. But one day a hunter came to the mountain side. He did not know that he was near the monster. He was hunting wild animals. Suddenly he saw that big round eye staring at him like a red-hot coal.

"The hunter stepped a little closer to see what it was, and out sprang the goblin! Quick as a wink the frightened hunter grabbed an arrow, and zip! went the weapon through the air, right into the middle of the one big eye.

"It all happened so quickly that the hunter did not know what he had done. To his great surprise, the goblin fell to the ground and rolled over on his back. He was dead.



"As soon as the people heard what the hunter had done, they hurried to see the dead monster. Then they built a big bonfire to burn him up, bones and all. They wanted to be sure that he could never trouble them again.

"All the people praised the hunter. And when the last spark of the fire had died away, the hunter took the ashes and scattered them to the winds. This was to show that the terrible goblin was gone forever.

"And then a strange thing happened

before the eyes of all the people," exclaimed grandmother. "All the little specks of ashes turned into stinging flies and mosquitoes."

"O Grandmother," cried Karo, "what did the people do then?"

"Well," said grandmother, "of course they didn't like the flies and the mosquitoes. But even mosquitoes are not so bad as that terrible goblin. It is not nearly so bad to be stung by a mosquito as to be eaten up by a monster."

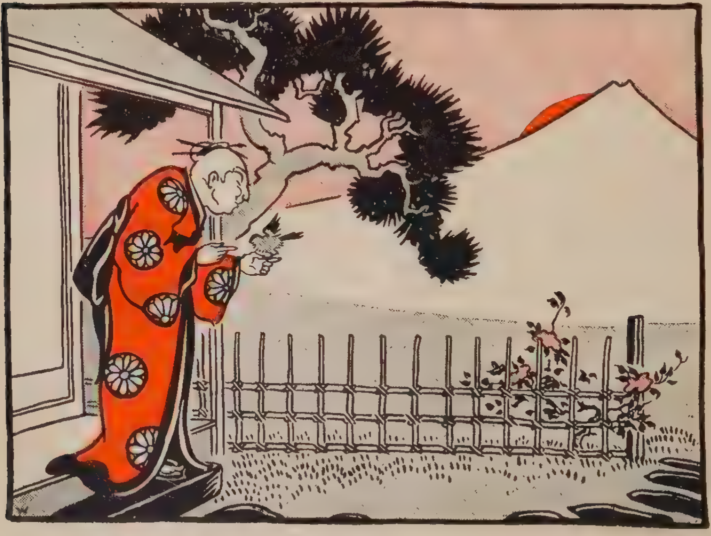
The Tongue-Cut Sparrow

Karo's grandmother told him wonderful stories — stories about fairies and brownies, terrible dragons and goblins! But once Karo's grandmother told about a little sparrow. It was the story of the tongue-cut sparrow.

"Once, long ago, in a little old house in Japan, lived a little old man and his dear little wife.

"Every morning when the warm sun peeped up over the mountain, the little old woman opened the screens at the sides of her house. One morning, as she was letting in the sunshine, a little sparrow hopped up to the doorstep. The little old woman picked up the sparrow and held him in the warm sunlight. Then she took him into the house and gave him rice and crumbs to eat. The little sparrow hopped out on the doorstep. But he did not fly away. And every morning when the little old woman opened the screens, the little sparrow opened his throat wide and sang his sweetest songs.

"The little old man and his dear little wife were happy to hear the sparrow's sweet song. But next door lived



a cross old woman. It made her angry to have the sparrow wake her up so early. So one morning, as the little sparrow was singing 'Wake up! wake up! It is morning! The sun is shining!' the cross old woman grabbed him and cut his tongue. She cut it right through the middle. The poor little sparrow could never sing again. So he flew away to his home.

"You can imagine how sad the little old man and his wife felt, and how much they missed the sparrow's sweet song.

"'I am so unhappy without him!' said the little old woman to her husband. 'Let us go and seek our little friend.' So they took a bag of boiled rice and some little cakes and went out to find the sparrow.

"Everywhere they went they stopped to ask: 'Have you seen the tongue-cut sparrow? Do you know where he lives?' But no one knew.

"On and on they went. Once they saw two little field mice. 'Dear little friends, have you seen the tongue-cut sparrow?' they asked. The field mice did not say a word, but ran into the woods.

"The little old man and his wife followed the field mice into the woods. There they saw a big black bat hanging by its feet. They woke it from its nap and asked: 'Have you seen the tongue-cut sparrow? Do you know where he lives?'

"The bat blinked its sleepy eyes and said, 'Follow the path to the top of the mountain and you will find him.'

"On up the steep mountain they climbed. There on the very top were some cherry trees in blossom. And on the branch beside the sweetest blossoms nested the tongue-cut sparrow. There were his wife and all their babies. The little sparrow was happy to see his old friends again. He invited them to a feast of boiled rice and fresh sugar cakes.

"After the feast the sparrow brought out two baskets. One was small and looked very light. The other basket was very large and looked as if it had much in it.

"'You have been so kind to me that I want to give you one of these baskets,' said the sparrow. 'Which one will you take?'

"The little old man and his wife were polite old people, so they took the smaller one. They thanked the sparrow very kindly and started off for home.

"Down the mountain side they went, step by step, through the woods, and on and on until they reached their little home. They could hardly wait to see what was in the basket. The old man peeked under the cover. There was something bright and shining. It was a pile of gold! There were a pretty bright lantern, bags of tea, and rolls of beautiful silk. The little old people had never seen such wonderful things.

"Now the cross old woman, who had cut the sparrow's tongue, asked to see the basket.

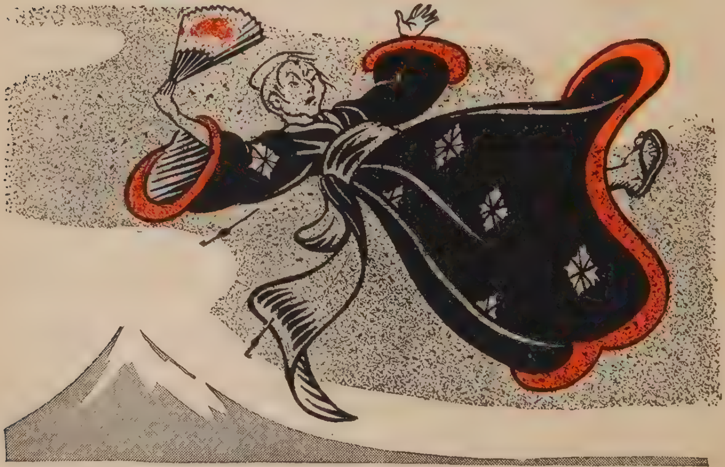
"'Oh,' she cried, 'I am sorry I cut the sparrow's tongue. Tell me where he lives, that I may go to tell him how sorry I am.'

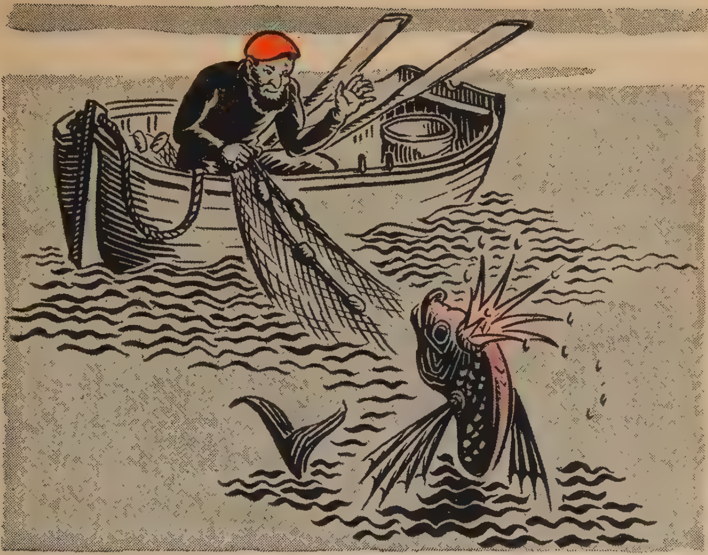
"The dear old woman told her how to find the sparrow, and off she went. When she reached his home, the sparrow gave her a feast, too. Then he brought out two baskets—a large one and a small one. Of course she chose the large basket, and without even thanking the sparrow she started home.

"The basket was so heavy that she could hardly walk. She wanted to sit down to rest, but it was getting dark. So she stumbled along until she reached home.

"She was nearly dead, she was so tired. But she could not wait to see the rolls of silk and the piles of shining gold. So she opened the basket.

"Piles of gold, indeed! Out jumped a whole swarm of ugly, black creatures. They bit her on the nose. They poked her in the eyes. They scratched her and they stung her. At last they flew away with her. No one has heard of her since and no one has missed her."





The Fisherman and his Wife

Once a poor fisherman and his wife lived in a little hut by the North Sea.

One winter day there was no food in the house, and the hut was cold and empty. The poor fisherman had thrown his net into the water again and again. But he had caught no fish big enough to eat.

"These fish are too small to make a meal," thought the fisherman. "Besides, it is not right to take such small fish out of the water."

Just as the sad fisherman put all the little fish back into the sea, a bright, shining fish came up out of the water. His scales were like gold, and the bright crown on his head shone like diamonds.

"I am not a common fish," he said. "I am a prince, the son of the fish king. You did right to put the little fish back into the sea. Be not sad. Go home, and you will find plenty to eat."

When the fisherman reached home, there was the kitchen table set with a platter of big white fish. And beside it were great loaves of bread ready to be cut.

"Isn't this fine?" said the happy fisherman to his wife. "I put all the little fish back into the water, and now we have more big fish than we can eat."

"What!" cried the fisherman's wife. "Do you mean to say that you put back into the sea the fish that you had caught?"

"Yes! but they were too little to eat. And then the prince, the son of the fish king, gave us these big fish, and all this food to eat."

"If he could give us this much, why didn't you ask for more? I wish we had a better house than this cold hut to live in," said his wife.

The poor fisherman did not want to ask anything more of the prince. But his wife gave him no peace. At last he went back to the sea. He rowed out upon the water and called:

"Man-she, man-she, tim-po-tee.
Son of fish king, come to me.
For my own wife, Isabel,
Has a wish for me to tell."

At once the shining prince came up out of the water.

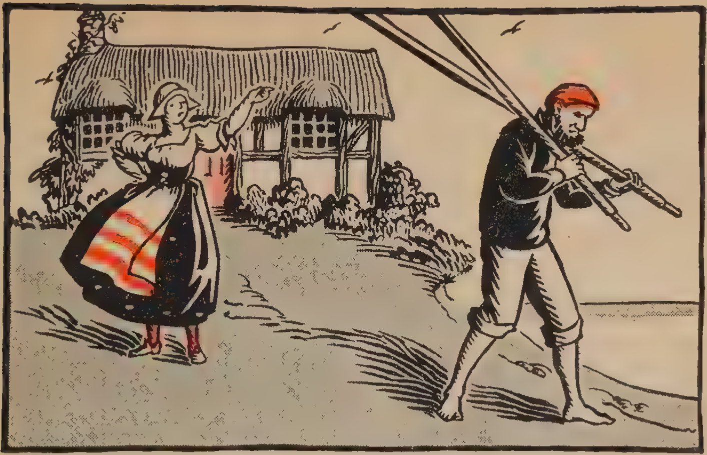
"What is your wife's wish?" he asked.

"She wants a new house," answered the fisherman.

"Go home," said the prince. "Your wife is sitting in her new cottage now."

And sure enough, when the fisherman reached home, his wife was sitting in a beautiful new cottage. But she was not happy. She wanted more.

"Go to the son of the fish king," she said, "and tell him that I want to be a queen."



The sad fisherman did not want to go, but his wife gave him no peace. So he went once more to the sea and called:

"Man-she, man-she, tim-po-tee.
Son of fish king, come to me.
For my own wife, Isabel,
Has a wish for me to tell."

"What does your wife want now?" asked the prince, as he came up out of the water.

"She is not happy," answered the fisherman. "She wants to be a queen."

"Go home," said the prince. "You will find your wife in the palace. She is already a queen."

When the poor fisherman reached home, the cottage had turned into a palace. Soldiers were guarding the gate, and everything looked strange. The fisherman's wife was sitting high up on a throne. She wore a crown of bright jewels on her head, and her feet rested on a stool of solid gold. But still she was not happy.

"I want to rule over more things," she said to her husband. "Go to the son of the fish king and tell him that I want to be queen of the sun, the moon, and the stars."

"No," said the fisherman. "We must

not ask for anything more. The prince will be angry."

"Nonsense!" said his wife. "Go and try, at least."

When the fisherman reached the sea, the water and the sky were as black as night. The lightning flashed, and the thunder roared. The fisherman was frightened, but he cried out very loudly:

"Man-she, man-she, tim-po-tee.
Son of fish king, come to me.
For my own wife, Isabel,
Has a wish for me to tell."

"And now, what does your wife want?" asked the prince.

"She wants more things to rule," cried the fisherman. "She wants to be queen of the sun, the moon, and the stars."

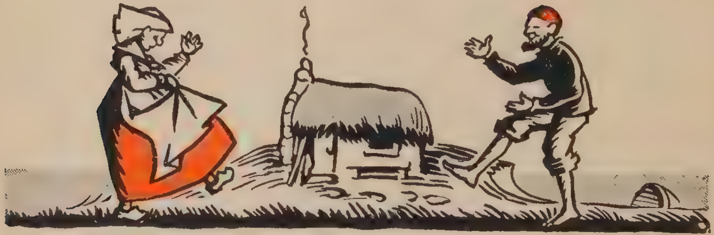
"What! How can she rule anything

else when she cannot rule herself?" cried the prince. "Go home, and you will find your wife in the old hut again."

And the prince went back into the sea.

"After all, I am not sorry," said the fisherman. "I could never feel at home in a palace."

Isabel was happier, too, and she looked much better in the simple dress of a fisherman's wife than in the shining jewels of a queen.



Tell if you Can

In which one of the last three tales does each of these lines belong?

a bright shining fish
heard of her since
through the woods
brought out two baskets
was gone forever
peeked under the cover
could never sing again

Something to Think about

1. What do you think of the way the prince treated the fisherman's wife at last? Did she deserve it?

2. Think of another good name for each of the last three tales. Tell why you chose it.

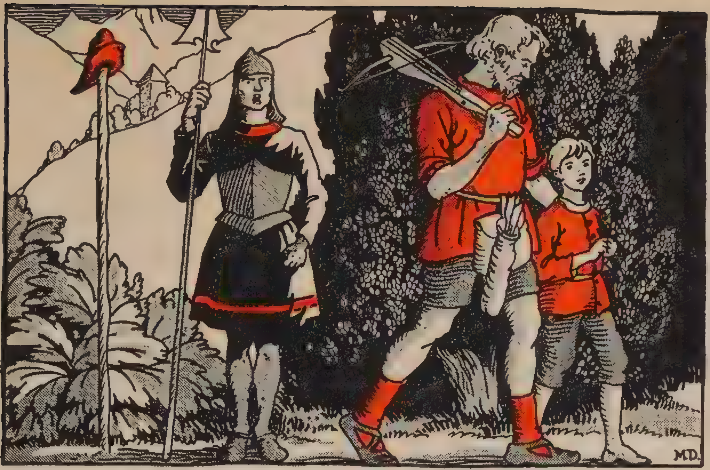
The Hero William Tell

Every country in the world has interesting stories to tell. For many hundred years the people of Switzerland have told a story of which they are very proud. This story is about one of their heroes, William Tell, and a very wicked ruler, named Gessler.

Gessler had made many cruel laws which the people had to obey. He even put his hat on a tall pole and ordered that every one that passed should bow to the hat.

William Tell was not only a very brave man, but he was a great hunter. There was no one else in all the land who could shoot with a bow and arrow so well as he.

One day William Tell, with his little



son, Walter, walked straight past the hat. They did not bow.

"Halt!" shouted the soldier who was standing on guard. "Why do you not bow before your master's hat?"

"Why should I bow before a hat?" asked Tell.

"That hat belongs to Gessler, your ruler. He orders you to bow before it."

"I care not who orders it. I will never bow before a hat," answered Tell.

"Then come with me to prison," ordered the soldier.

"I will not bow to the hat and I will not be taken to prison."

Quick as a wink, Tell reached for an arrow. Just then Gessler rode up.

"What is all this noise about?" he asked.

"This man, William Tell, will not bow to your hat," said the soldier.

"We shall see about that," said Gessler, and he rode up close to Tell.

"I hear that you know how to shoot," said Gessler. "They say that you can shoot an apple from a twig a hundred paces away." Then with a cruel smile Gessler added: "I have heard so much of this boast that I should like to see you shoot. If you can hit the mark that I name, you shall go free."

"Where is the mark?" asked Tell.

"Is this your son?" asked Gessler.

"Yes," answered Tell.

"We will put an apple on your son's head, and you shall shoot at that mark." The wicked ruler smiled as he spoke.

Tell turned pale. "I would rather die," he said.

"You shall obey me," said Gessler, "or both you and your son shall die. Soldiers, tie the boy to a tree and put the apple on his head!"

Brave little Walter let the men tie him to the tree. He stood very still as they put the apple on his head. He was sure that his father could not miss the mark.

"I am not afraid, Father; I will not move," said Walter.

Tell picked out two of his longest

arrows. He looked them over carefully. Then he slipped one under his belt. The other arrow he slowly fitted to his bow. He aimed, and let the string loose. The arrow flew straight to the mark. The apple fell to the ground, cut in two!

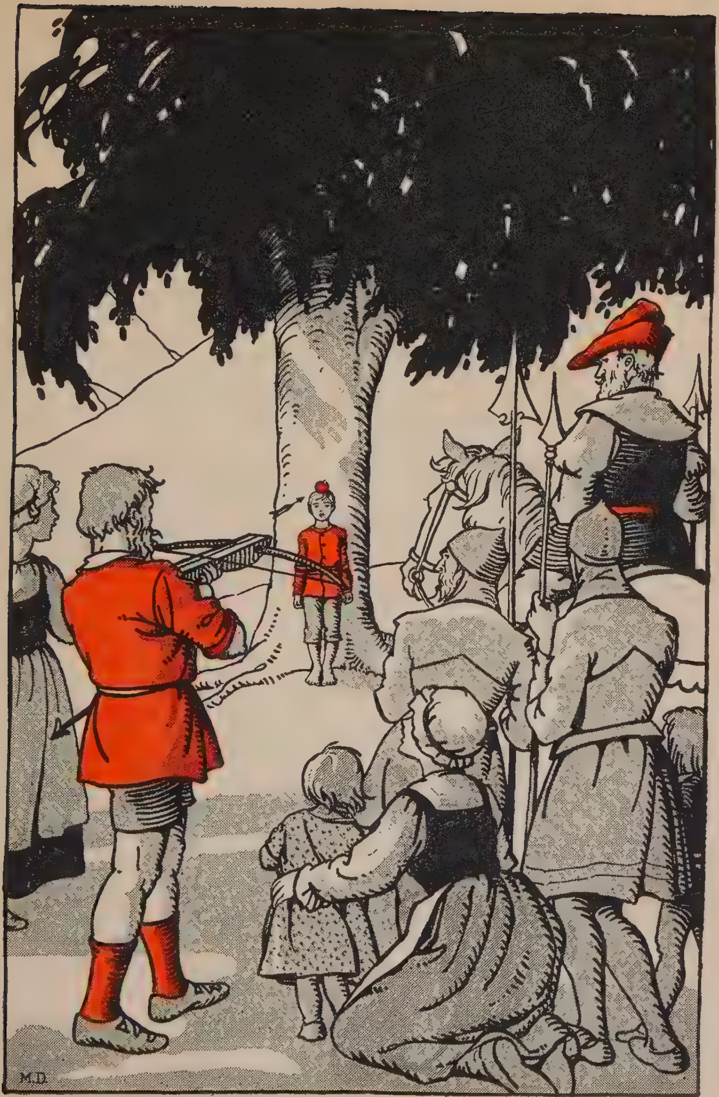
A soldier untied Walter from the tree, and the boy ran to his father. Tell took his son into his strong arms and kissed him.

"You shoot well," said Gessler. "But what was the other arrow for?"

"To kill you, tyrant, had I killed my son," cried Tell.

This made Gessler terribly angry. He ordered the soldiers to tie Tell's hands and to take him to prison across the lake.

Walter hurried home to tell his mother what had happened.


M.D.

The soldiers put Tell into a boat and started across the water. As they were rowing, a great storm came up. The waves dashed against the boat. It grew very dark. The soldiers were strangers, and they did not know which way to go. Tell had lived near the lake all his life, and he was as much at home on it in the darkness as in the light. One of the soldiers untied Tell's hands and begged him to steer the boat for them.

When he had steered the boat near land, Tell grabbed his bow and arrow. Then he jumped to the shore and gave the boat a push out into the lake.

"Catch him! Kill him!" shouted the soldiers. But they were too late.

Tell was free, and he climbed to his home in the mountains.

Later Gessler was killed, and the people, led by William Tell, became free.

Something to Do

See how quickly you can find these sentences. Write them on your paper.

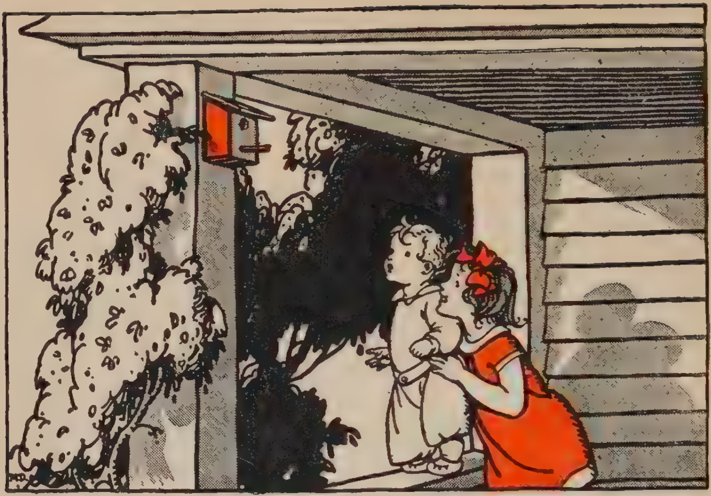
1. The sentence that tells that Gessler made many cruel laws.

2. Two sentences that show that William Tell would not bow down to the will of a tyrant.

3. Two sentences that show that Walter was a brave boy.

4. A sentence that shows that Tell could shoot very well.

5. The sentence that shows that Tell would have killed Gessler if Tell's arrow had killed his own son.



My Front-Porch Friends, Fee, Fie, and Fo-fum

The Story of Fee

My friend Fee lives on my front porch. He lives outside my house, and he lives in a house all his own. His home is a bird house.

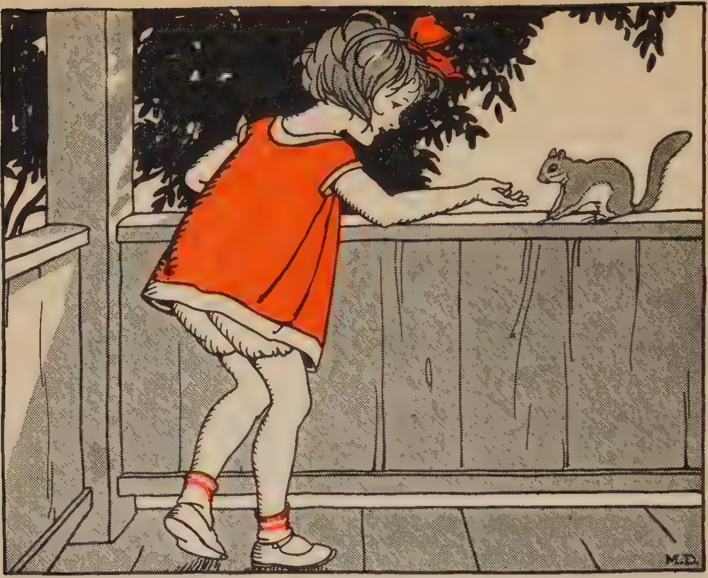
Fee can fly in a queer way, but he is not a bird. He is not an insect. He has no wings. He can only sail by spreading his legs and body like the wings of an airplane.

If you came to visit me some day, you would never know that he was here. He stays in the bird house all day. At night he comes out to play. Sometimes, after I am in bed, I can hear him thumping the floor of the porch. Have you any idea what kind of friend Fee is?

For fear that you may get tired of guessing, let me tell you that he is a pretty brown flying squirrel.

One night he came down the chimney of a neighbor's house. A bird house happened to be in the room. So Fee made the bird house his home. After he began to feel at home in it, we put him and his house on my porch.

If you open the bird house, you may



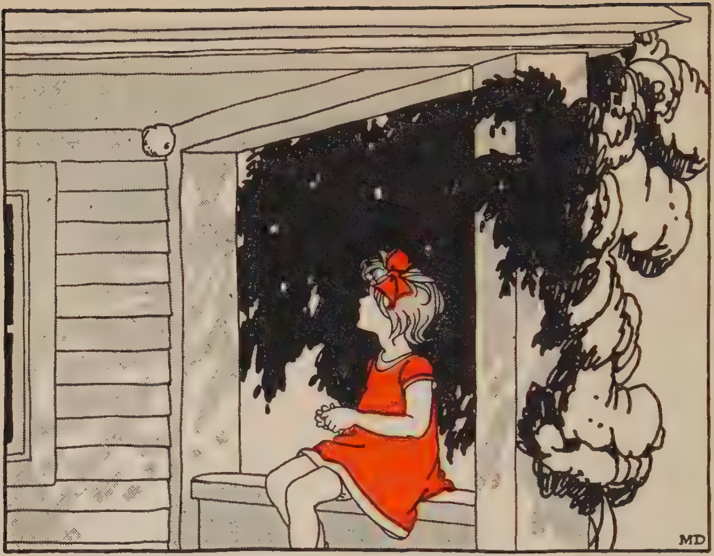
see Fee in it, curled up in a ball. He winds his long, flat, furry tail around him. Next you will see the brightest eyes you ever saw. They look just like black shoe buttons, but of course they are real eyes. Fee has big eyes, so that he can see well at night.

In the morning you may see his tracks in the snow. You may see, also, where he ate his supper of sunflower seeds or cracked grain.

Flying squirrels often run around all winter. They do not sleep most of the time as other kinds of squirrels do. Fee's flying-squirrel relatives sail from tree to tree as far north as there are any trees. That means that they live where the weather is very cold indeed.

There are, however, days in summer when it is really hot where the Eskimos and Fee's relatives live. Even in winter, some days are not much colder there than in the coldest parts of our own country.

I wish that you might come to my house sometime and let Fee eat sunflower seeds from your hand as he does from mine. I am sure that you would like each other.



The Story of Fie

My friend Fie lives on the same porch with Fee. She lives, or at least did live, in one of the little houses that her mother built for her own young ones. The house is so placed that Fee cannot get at it.

Fie can fly much better than Fee can, because she has wings.

Many of my friends are afraid of Fie. They think that she will sting them. She would, too, if they didn't leave her alone.

Fie is very nervous. She has a slender waist. Taber, one of my friends, says that she is a wasp. He is right; he usually is.

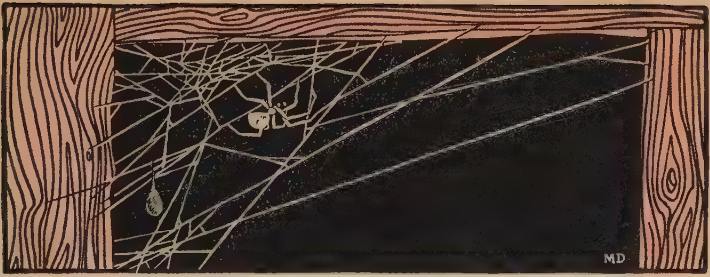
If one of Fie's sisters or cousins visits your porch, you may see her tuck queer dark bundles into her house and then seal the door with mud.

Sometime, when Fie is not at home, you might open the door. In the house you will find a number of spiders all curled up tight. These were the bundles that she tucked away.

Possibly you will find one of Fie's little white babies eating the spiders for lunch. Now you understand why

Fie put the spiders there. She wanted to have food for her little ones. The spiders aren't dead, but Fie stung them so that they cannot move. In that way they are nice and fresh for her children's meals.

Even though Fie might sting me, and even though she catches a few spiders, I like her. You see she herself eats many little insects that would bother me when I sit on my porch. What insects do you suppose these might be?



The Story of Fo-fum

The name Fo-fum might make you think that this friend of mine is Chinese. She is not. She is a common house spider. Instead of living on the open part of my front porch, as Fee and Fie do, Fo-fum lives under the porch, where it is dark.

If you look in a dark barn or cellar or under a porch, you will very probably find some of Fo-fum's relatives. They live in thin, soft webs. As you know, they catch flies and other small insects.

Fo-fum has a very large web that she calls her home. She has a quick temper. Some father spiders came to call on her the other day, and she ate them for supper.

On one part of Fo-fum's web hangs a little brownish bag. It swings back and forth if you disturb the web. It is the cradle Fo-fum made for her babies. In it she placed about two hundred eggs. Isn't that almost like the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do?

Fo-fum doesn't worry much about her children. When the little spiders hatch from the eggs in their cradle, they are very hungry. Since there is nothing else for them to eat, they eat one another. Finally, the few that are left become large enough to escape from the cradle. They stay a while on their mother's web and then go off by themselves. House spiders hatched from eggs laid in June may be full-grown by September.

I like Fo-fum and her young ones because they catch many flies and mosquitoes. I also like to watch them at work on their webs.

I hope that you will learn to know the Fies and the Fo-fums that must live near you. Maybe you will have a chance to know them as well as I know my friends.

Fee, Fie, and Fo-fum are very kind and helpful. They catch insects that bother me. For these and for other reasons I call them friends.

E. LAURENCE PALMER

Right or Wrong

Some of these lines are in the right place. Some of them are in the wrong place. Can you put them all in their right places? Try it without looking back at the story.

Flying Squirrels

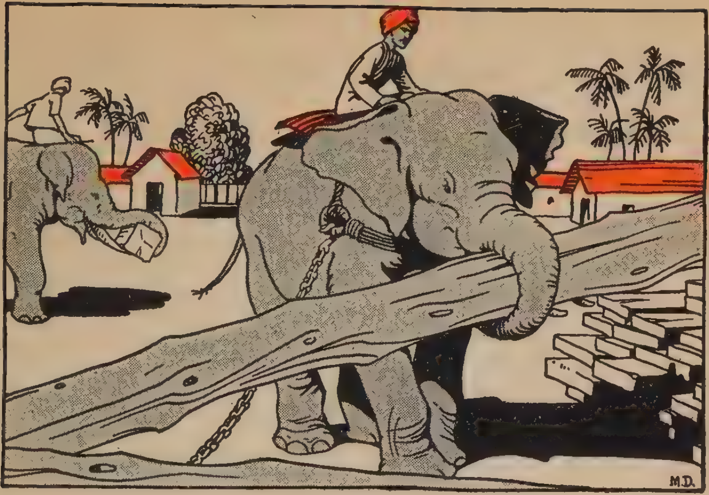
sail from tree to tree
like sunflower seeds
have wings for flying
have slender waists

Wasps

are very nervous
sting their enemies
live in thin webs
have long, flat tails

Spiders

have wings
can fly
hatch from eggs
eat one another



Elephants

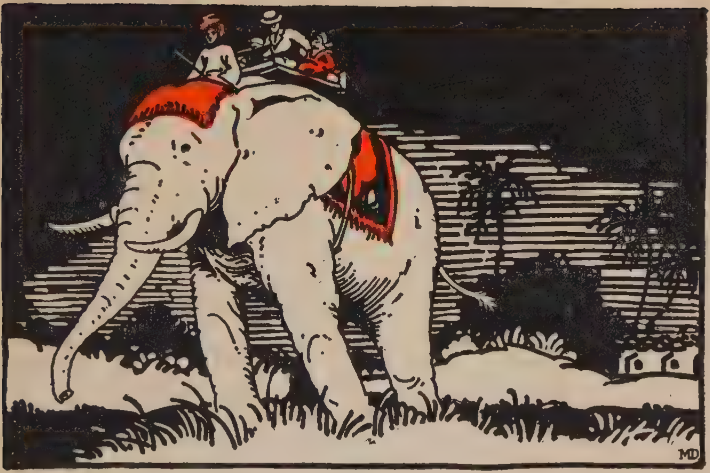
Elephants at Work

The elephant is the largest land animal in the world. Because the elephant is so very strong, and because he can learn so easily, he is a very useful work animal.

It is a wonderful sight to see elephants at work in the big lumber camps. They haul the logs and stack them up in piles that are as even as any man could make them. Sometimes an elephant will go to a log and kneel down. Then he will push his tusks under the log, wrap his trunk around it, and carry the log to the pile.

When the logs are too heavy for the elephant to carry, he will bend down low and push them with his head. Sometimes he wraps his trunk around the heavy log and drags it to the pile. Then he lifts the log from the ground and swings it upon the pile, which is sometimes as high as a one-story house.

In some countries the elephant is used to carry people and heavy loads on his back. The people sit in a seat that is tied to the elephant's back. What fun it must be to climb a ladder to get into the seat! Sometimes the



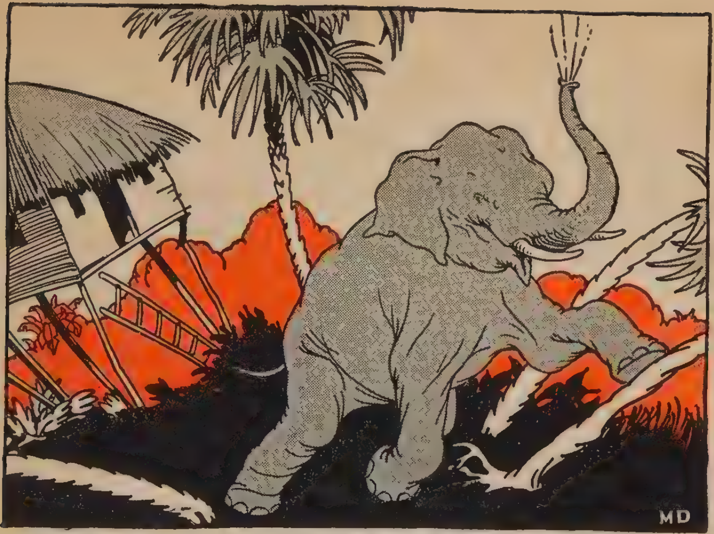
elephant kneels down to help the driver climb to his back. Do you think you would like to drive an elephant?

The elephant can walk over roads that are too muddy for an automobile, or even for a wagon. That is because of the way the elephant walks. He walks on his toes, and when it is very muddy he spreads his toes out wide like a fan as he steps down into the mud. Then when he pulls his leg up, he draws his toes together to make his foot smaller. In that way his foot comes out of the mud easily.

In some countries the elephant helps the farmer by pulling the farmer's plow.

Elephants can even take care of babies. Once an elephant grew very fond of a baby which he had always taken care of. He would not eat unless the baby was with him. When the baby cried, the elephant would pick it up in his trunk and carry it around the yard. No harm could come to the baby so long as its nurse, the elephant, was with it.

Elephants are very kind and faithful and willing to obey. But sometimes they become mad, and then they are very dangerous. They shake their heads and stamp on the ground. They paw



the earth and swing their trunks madly into the air. They tear down houses and pull up trees by the roots. They make such a mad noise, trumpeting and snorting, that they can be heard for miles away.

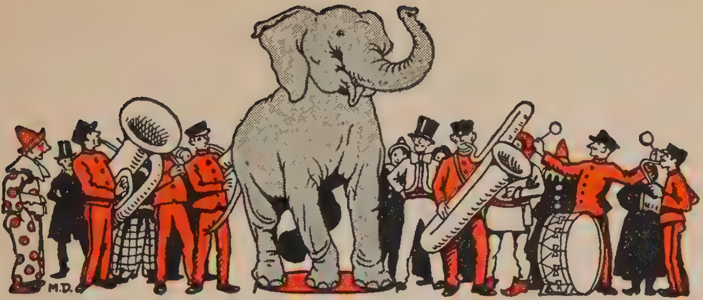
When an elephant goes mad, he has to be shot, or tied up with strong ropes. And he cannot be trusted to do any more work.

Circus Elephants

Barney

Circus elephants can be trained to do very clever tricks. They can learn to dance and to walk tight ropes. Sometimes they can even dance on the ropes. They can be taught to spell words by pointing out the letters with their trunks.

One of these clever circus elephants was called Barney. Perhaps your grandmother and grandfather have seen Barney dance on a box in a circus. As he danced he played his own tunes on a mouth organ. Sometimes when his dance was over, he would jump down from the box. Then he would fall on his knees, and creep on the ground like a baby.



Barney taught himself how to dance. One day while he was listening to the circus music, his eyes began to shine. His head beat time to the music. His trunk curled up in the air. And first one hind foot and then the other came up with a funny sweep. And Barney was dancing!

Before Barney danced in the circus he hauled hay and pushed the heavy circus wagons. You see, Barney worked while the other elephants practiced their stunts. He was too busy even to be in the parade.

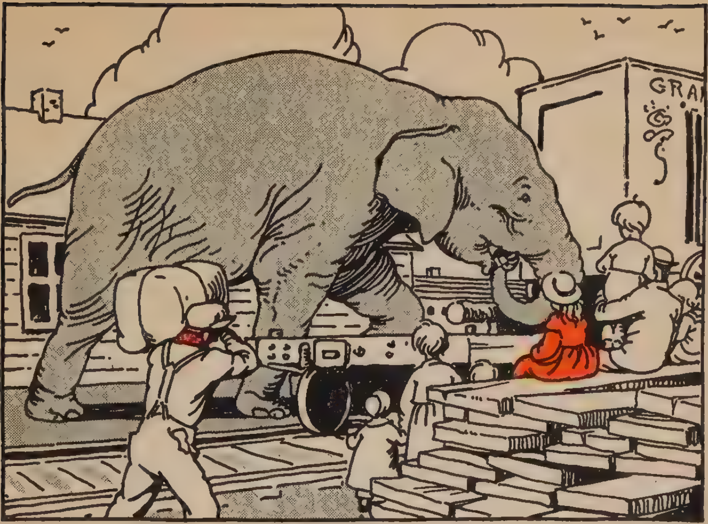
One night when the circus was getting ready to go to the next town, Barney was pulling heavy wagons across a muddy lot. He was working so hard that one of the men felt sorry for him.

"I wish we could let Barney rest a bit," he said.

But if Barney didn't pull, they could never get the wagons out of the mud. Suddenly the man had a happy thought. He hurried away to fetch something for Barney.

"Here, Barney," he said, as he returned with a mouth organ. "Take this and cheer yourself up with a little music."

And sure enough, Barney put the mouth organ into his mouth and began to play. He looked too funny, working away with the mouth organ curled up



in his trunk! But he got all the wagons out of the mud that night.

The next morning thousands of children came to the station to see the circus unload. How they laughed to see Barney! He was pushing the wagons from the cars to the music of his mouth organ! He was playing the same tune over and over.

"We let Barney make all the music

he wants to," said one of the circus men. "He works better when he plays!"

Other Circus Elephants

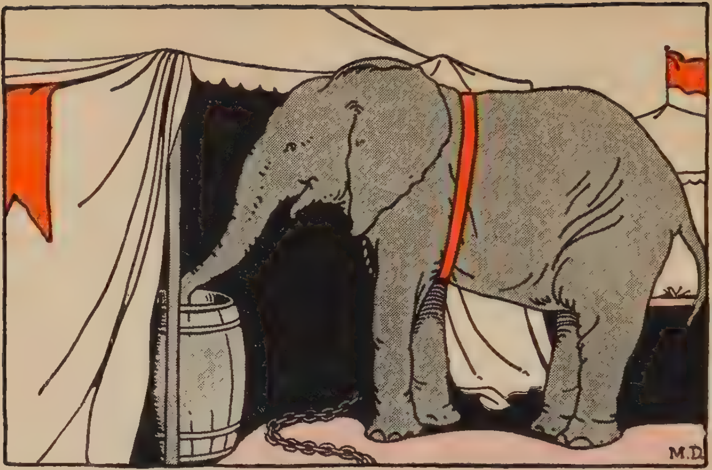
Elephants can even be trained to steer automobiles. Not long ago an elephant surprised a circus crowd by steering an automobile into the tent. There sat the elephant in the front seat with a man's cap on his head. He was steering the car with his front feet while his big brother pushed the car from behind. They drove the big car clear around the circus ring and out again, while the crowd cheered them.

Once an elephant surprised the circus men by doing a very clever stunt. It happened in this way.

Every afternoon the cook at the circus made a barrel of lemonade for the men. One afternoon, when the men came to the tent for their lemonade, the barrel was empty! All the lemons and a big sack of sugar were gone, too. The men felt sure that some elephant was the thief. But they found every elephant in his place, chained to his stake.

A man was told to catch the thief. But each day that the man watched near the lemonade barrel, it was not touched. Then one day the man went away, and again the barrel was empty. The next day the man stood where he could watch the elephants. And what do you think he saw?

One of the biggest elephants was working away at the chain which held him fast to the stake. He pulled it up and down, first this way, then that



way, with his trunk. Now and then he stopped to see if any one was looking. Then he worked on the chain again until he loosened it from the stake. He walked over and picked up the end of the chain so that it would not make any noise dragging on the ground.

Then he walked to the lemonade barrel. He laid the chain on the ground, drank all the lemonade, and scooped up the sugar and all the lemons that were left. He then looked around, picked up the chain, and walked back to his stake.

And then, wonder of wonders! the elephant swung the chain around his trunk, threw it over the stake, and so chained himself to the stake again. The elephant had done what no man could have done better. No wonder the elephant is called the cleverest animal in the circus!

Jumbo

The greatest of all circus elephants was Jumbo. He was not only the biggest elephant in any circus, but he was loved by more people than any other animal. Everybody loved Jumbo.

When Jumbo was twenty-six years

old he weighed as much as four big automobiles would weigh. He was eleven feet and two inches tall. Find out how high your schoolroom is, and then think where Jumbo's back would have been if he had stood up in the room.

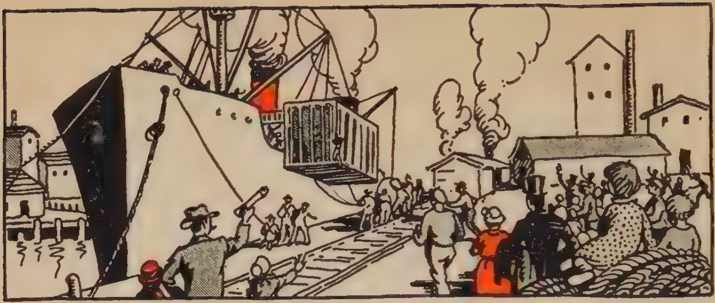
Jumbo was so tall that he could reach with his trunk into the third-story window of a building. Think of holding a handful of peanuts out of a window on the third floor and of Jumbo reaching up with his trunk to get them!

Jumbo was in the Barnum and Bailey Circus. Mr. Barnum had seen Jumbo while he was in the London Zoo in England, and he paid $10,000 to get him. Even after Mr. Barnum had bought Jumbo, he had a hard time getting him over to America. In the first place, Jumbo was the pet of all England. The queen and many other people had ridden on Jumbo's back, and they could not think of letting him go. They begged the owners of the Zoo not to let Mr. Barnum have Jumbo. Thousands of children wrote letters to Mr. Barnum, begging him not to take their dear Jumbo from them.

Then, too, Jumbo was so big and heavy that it was a terribly hard job to ship him to America. The men worked for days and days before they could get him on the ship.

But at last Jumbo was put into a big, strong crate and was chained up. The crate had been put on wheels, and it took ten horses to pull it.

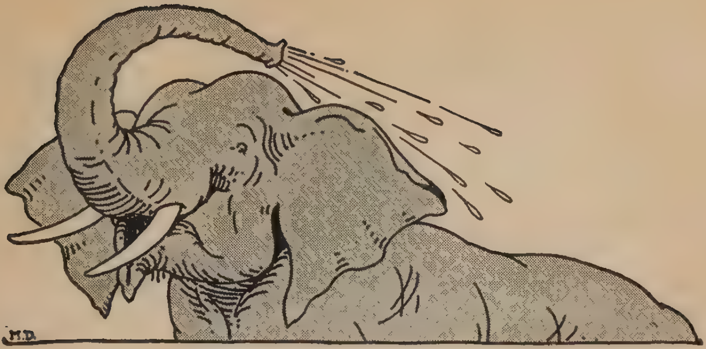
Crowds of people followed Jumbo on his way to the ship. Thousands



of people gathered in the windows, on the roofs of their houses, and even in boats, to say good-by to Jumbo.

Old men and women and little children brought buns, boxes of stick candy, peanuts, gumdrops, and chewing gum to Jumbo before he sailed away. Jumbo was very fond of candy. He could eat a whole bucketful at one time.

When Jumbo reached New York there were more crowds with buns, candy, bananas, pop corn, and even watermelon to greet him. Mr. Barnum himself was there.



"Where is Jumbo?" he called. "I saw by the newspapers this morning that he had arrived. Where is he?"

"Dear old Jumbo," he said when he saw him, and his eyes filled with tears.

For three and a half years Jumbo was the joy of the millions of people who saw him in the Barnum and Bailey Circus. All the boys at the circus wanted to carry water to Jumbo. With his long trunk for a hose he squirted water into his throat and all over himself. How the children laughed to see him do it! It was fun for Jumbo too. He liked a shower bath.

But the most fun of all was to ride, high up in the air, on Jumbo's back. To ride on his back was like sitting up on a moving mountain. Even the boys thought they had done something brave when they got down from Jumbo's back.

Then one sad day, while Jumbo was crossing a railroad track, he was struck by a train and killed. Millions of people were made sad by the news. And the children cried when they heard that their dear Jumbo was gone.

If your grandmother and grandfather ever saw Jumbo they will remember him as the greatest and the dearest of all circus elephants. And some day, when you go to New York City, you may visit the American Museum. There you can see Jumbo's skeleton and get an idea of what a giant elephant he was.

Can you Tell the Answers?

1. Who was Jumbo?

2. Where did Mr. Barnum get him?

3. How much did he pay for him?

4. How did the people of England show Jumbo how much they loved him?

5. What good things did they give Jumbo to eat?

6. What do you like best about Jumbo?

7. Which of these words tell what kind of elephant Jumbo was?

gentle
cross
pleasant
kind
giant
lazy
careless
dearest
greedy

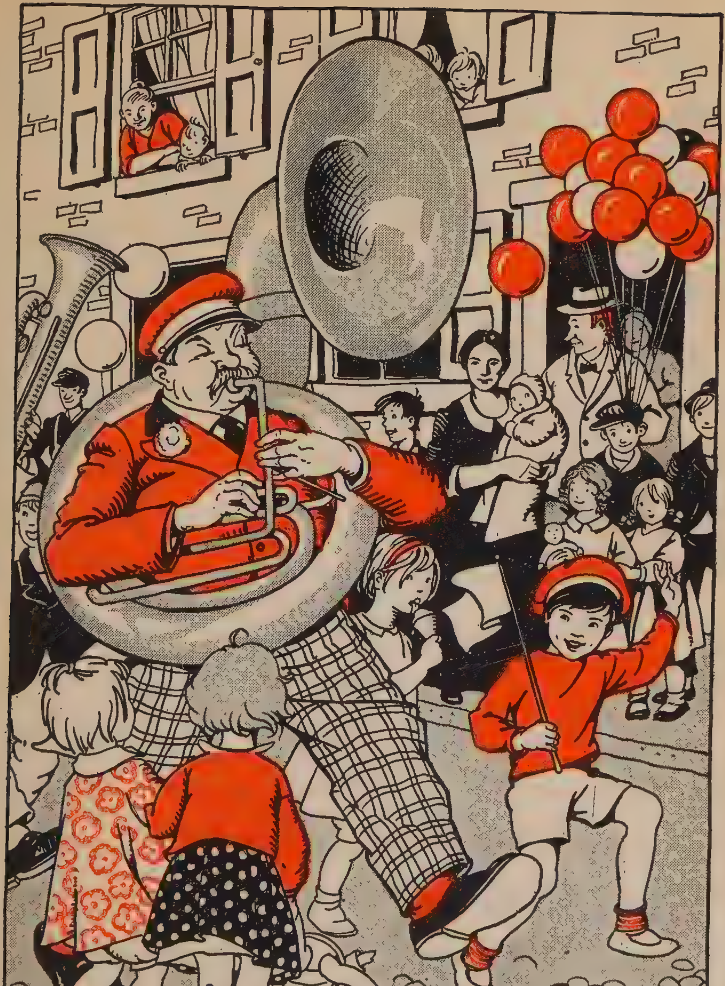
The Helicon Bass

Helicon Bass, Helicon Bass,
What a nice big word to say!
In the biggest band, it's the biggest horn
That the biggest man can play.

Boom! boom! boom! boom!
The big horn booms away.
The player has wrapped it round himself
So he can march and play.

Helicon Bass, big Helicon Bass,
You make me laugh, you do.
When the big band marches through our town,
I shall want to walk by you.

Elizabeth Stuart



M.D.

P. T. B.

Whose name do the letters P. T. B. stand for? Perhaps you can never guess. But if you ask your parents, they will smile as if remembering something very pleasant. And then they will tell you, "Why, those letters stand for P. T. Barnum, the great showman."

You will remember from the story of Jumbo that it was Mr. Barnum who brought the great elephant to America. Jumbo was the greatest circus elephant in the world. And Mr. Barnum was the greatest circus man in all the world.

If you liked the story of Jumbo, you will surely enjoy reading about the great showman who owned Jumbo. The story begins on the next page.

P. T. Barnum

The Showman Everybody Knew

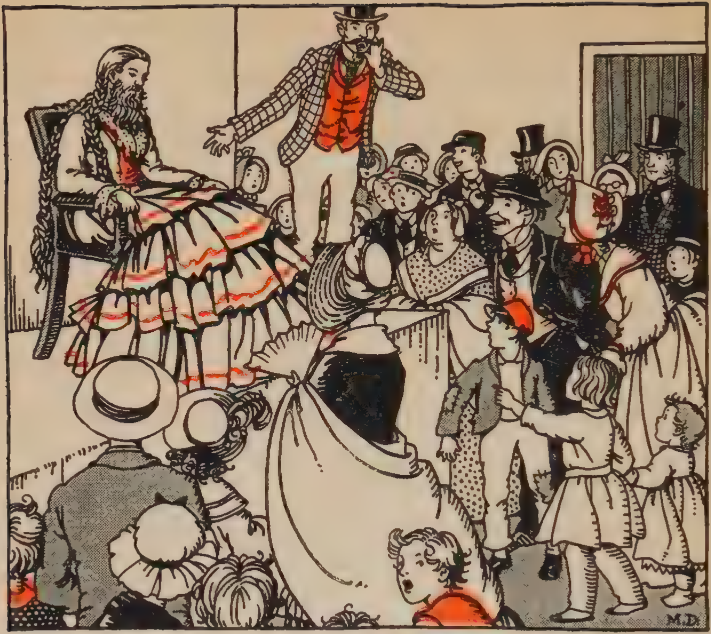
A long time ago only a few people, like presidents or kings, were well known. But even then there was one man as well known as a king or a president. That man was P. T. Barnum, the great showman.

Once a man wrote a letter from far across the sea and addressed it:

Mr. Barnum
America.

The letter lost no time reaching him, for to most people there was only one Mr. Barnum.

Mr. Barnum did everything he could to get people to know him. He liked to be in crowds. He liked to make



friends. And he liked to see his name in the newspapers.

Before Mr. Barnum was a circus man he owned the American Museum in New York. What wonders could be seen in it! Here were the Bearded Lady and the Fejee Mermaid. Here were the Wooly Horse and the Two-Headed Cow.

Here was a great giant, and here was General Tom Thumb, the little dwarf who was only two feet and one inch tall! I shouldn't wonder if your grandmother has his picture stored away in the attic this minute.

Children could go to the Museum for half price. Mr. Barnum had ever so many interesting things for the children. And he kept adding new wonders to make the Museum more interesting.

"I want people to get their money's worth here!" he often said.

Mr. Barnum was a big, jolly man who liked to make everybody happy. He was full of funny stories and jokes. He even enjoyed jokes on himself.

Once Mr. Barnum announced in the papers, "Come and see the horse with its head where its tail ought to be." People flocked to see the strange animal, and found only a common horse turned around in its stall! It stood with its head toward the people, and its tail toward the manger! Mr. Barnum had told nothing but the truth, and every one had great fun laughing over the joke.

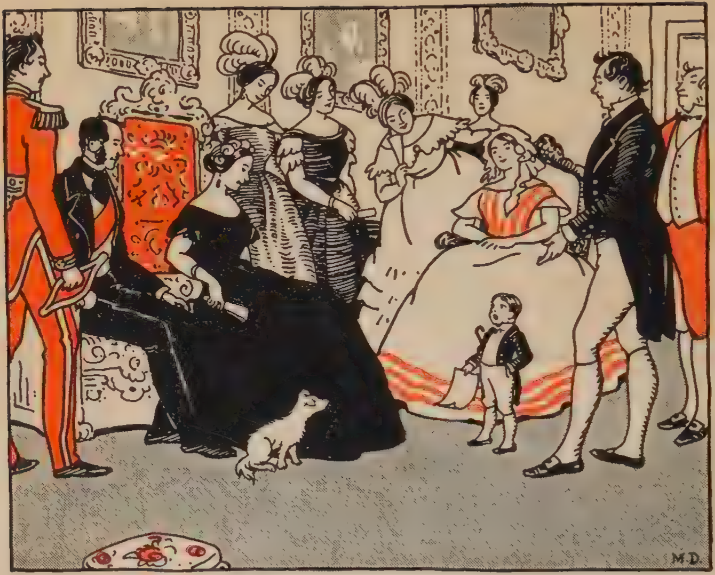
Another time Mr. Barnum announced a "Cherry-Colored Cat." Again many people came and bought tickets to see it. They saw a cherry-colored cat, just as Mr. Barnum had said they would. But it was the color of black cherries, instead of bright red ones, as they had supposed.

One day Mr. Barnum gave a tramp five bricks and hired him to put one down and pick it up at four different street corners. Once every hour the tramp was to walk through the Museum. Hundreds of people followed him into the Museum, as Mr. Barnum knew they would do.

Sometimes Mr. Barnum took some of the wonders of his Museum to other countries. He took General Tom Thumb on a trip to England. The queen asked Mr. Barnum to bring the little general to her palace three different times.

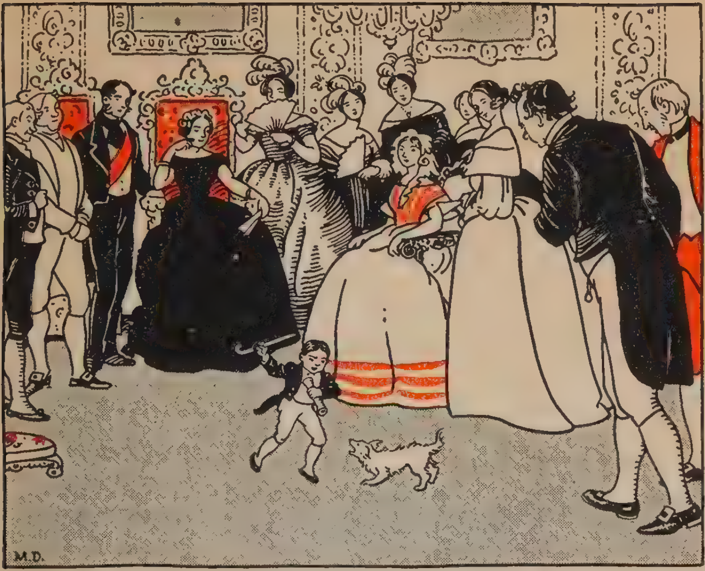
The first time that Mr. Barnum and General Tom came to the palace the Lord in Waiting told them how to act in the queen's presence.

Then for an hour Tom Thumb sang and danced for the royal family, pleasing them very much. When it was time to go, Mr. Barnum started to bow himself out of the room, carefully stepping



backward, as he had been told to do. He was over six feet tall and could take long steps, even when walking backward.

But little Tom Thumb's legs were too short to keep up with tall Mr. Barnum! Tom did the best he could for a while, and then turned his back to the queen and ran a few steps to catch up with



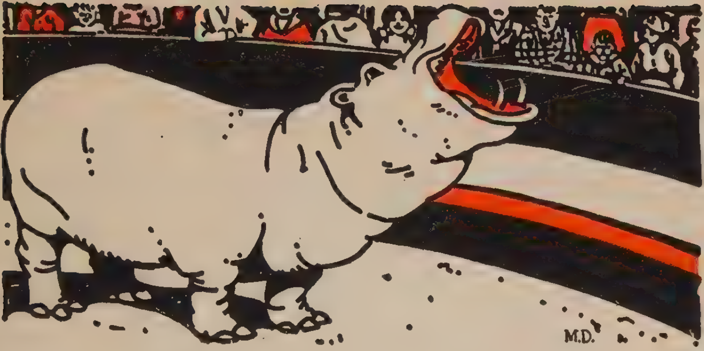
Mr. Barnum. Then he turned to face the queen again, and backed out a few more steps, bowing all the time! He kept this up until the queen's little dog snapped at his legs. This frightened Tom so much that he forgot all about being polite, and he drove the dog off with his tiny cane! How funny that must have looked!

Making the Greatest Show on Earth

A long time after this trip, Mr. Barnum became one of the owners of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, "The Greatest Show on Earth." If another circus had something better than his, Mr. Barnum did not rest until he had bought it. He would buy the whole circus if he had to in order to get some animal he wanted.

He bought Jumbo, the great elephant, and brought him over from England. Barnum and Bailey's circus was the first to travel by railroad. The tent was the largest circus tent in the world. Such music! Such thrills! And such sights!

Sometimes Mr. Barnum sat in his box at the show. When Babe, the



white hippopotamus, was brought into the ring, Mr. Barnum would call out: "Keeper! Keeper! Make her open her mouth!" And when Babe's mouth opened in a four-foot smile, Mr. Barnum would roar with delight.

Sometimes Mr. Barnum drove into the tent in a fine open carriage. Every now and then he would stand up and say: "You came to see Barnum's show, and I suppose you would like to see Barnum. Well, I'M MR. BARNUM!" And then how the people would cheer!

Every year the first show of the season was given in New York City. Of course that meant a parade! And Mr. Barnum always had the papers print where the parade would go. Once, after the papers were printed, Mr. Barnum got a letter from a little boy:

Dear friend Mr. Barnum:

I was going to your parade, but I broke my leg and have to stay in bed. I saved up four cents for peanuts for the elephants. I thought I would write to see if it would be too much trouble for you to have the parade come past my house. I have never seen a parade.

Your friend, Jimmy.

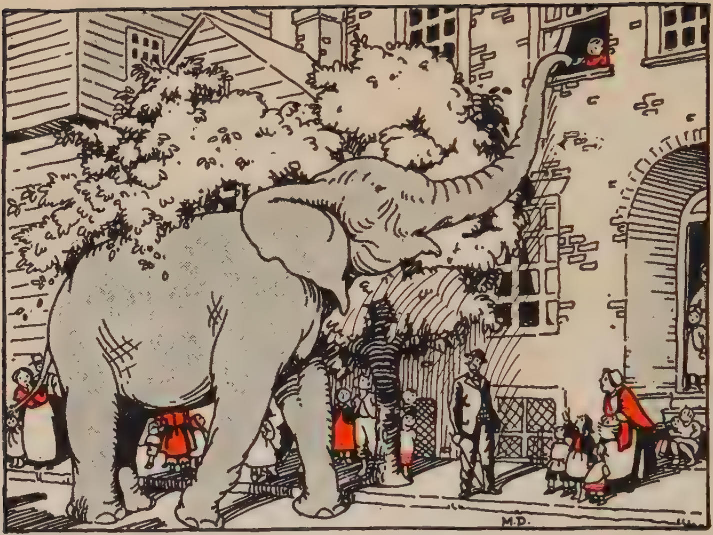
Of course Mr. Barnum changed the plans and had the parade go down Jimmy's street. Jimmy heard the band playing long before it came into sight!

He heard the circus wagons coming. They make a sound different from anything else in the world! Some of the cages in the wagons were open, and shivers went up and down Jimmy's back when he saw the real lions and tigers in the cages.

But some of the wagons were closed. "Must be something awful in them!" thought Jimmy.

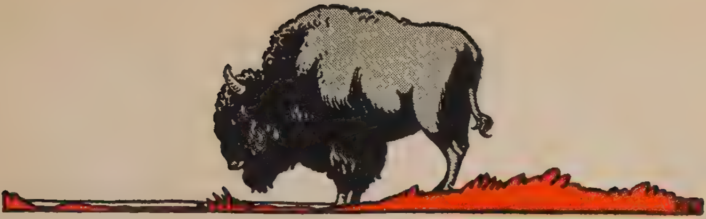
And here was the giraffe, with its head high in the air! Here came the camels with their high humps! Here came dashing black-and-white zebras, drawing the band wagon!

Here were Jumbo and all the other big elephants! And the clowns! You might know that each one of them would dance a funny little jig right in front of Jimmy's house! And haven't



you already guessed that Jumbo reached his trunk into Jimmy's window, begging for peanuts?

When it was all over, it would have been hard to tell which was the happier, Jimmy or Mr. Barnum! Now what do you think is the best reason why Mr. Barnum, the great showman, will never be forgotten?



The Buffalo

Here is one of the noblest of all American animals. It is the buffalo.

When your great-grandfather was a little boy, there were many thousand buffaloes in America. But they are nearly all gone now.

The next story will tell you something about them. You will enjoy reading how the buffalo family marched to the river and took a mud bath.

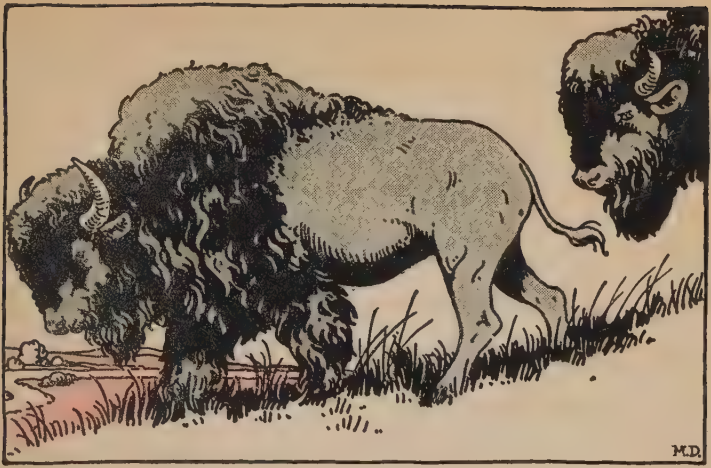
A cruel wolf tried to kill Baby Buff. How do you think the buffaloes saved little Buff's life?

The Buffalo Family

Marching to the River

It was noon. All the buffalo family were resting in their camp on the hillside. As they rested they chewed their cuds: munch, munch, munch; chew, chew, chew.

After a while great-great-grandmother buffalo rose to her feet. She swayed her back and stretched a hind leg lazily. She gave herself a shaking, then started toward the river. That was the signal for all the other buffaloes to follow her, because great-great-grandmother was their leader. So great-grandmother buffalo and grandmother buffalo and all the mothers and aunts slowly fell into line. Behind them came the buffalo fathers and



uncles and grandfathers. The biggest old grandfather came last. Away they marched single file — hayfoot, strawfoot; hayfoot, strawfoot — down the path.

Silky-Sides was a young buffalo that was not related to the family, but they had taken her to raise. They were all very kind to Silky-Sides, because she had no mother. Every time great-great-grandmother buffalo came near Silky-Sides she gave her a soft, gentle lick.

Every time great-grandmother came near she gave her a gentle lick, too. And every time the aunts and uncles and fathers and grandfathers came near, each one gave Silky-Sides a gentle lick. No wonder her fur was soft and fine, while that of all the others was rough and shaggy. Silky-Sides was as well off as if her mother were living, for even the best buffalo mother could not spend all her time licking her child's fur.

On, on marched the buffalo family. They were now in a deep path that led down to the river. They had made this path themselves as they marched day by day. When they reached the river most of them waded in. Some of them climbed up to a high bank and dived into the water.

Now when boys or girls bathe, they try to wash their bodies clean. But when the buffaloes got into the water, they tried to get as much mud on themselves as they could.

They lay down and turned themselves round and round in the mud. It stuck to their thick brown fur. It dripped from their humps. And the more mud they had on them, the happier they were. You see, the flies could not bite them through a coat of mud. After their mud bath, they all went to sleep beside the river.

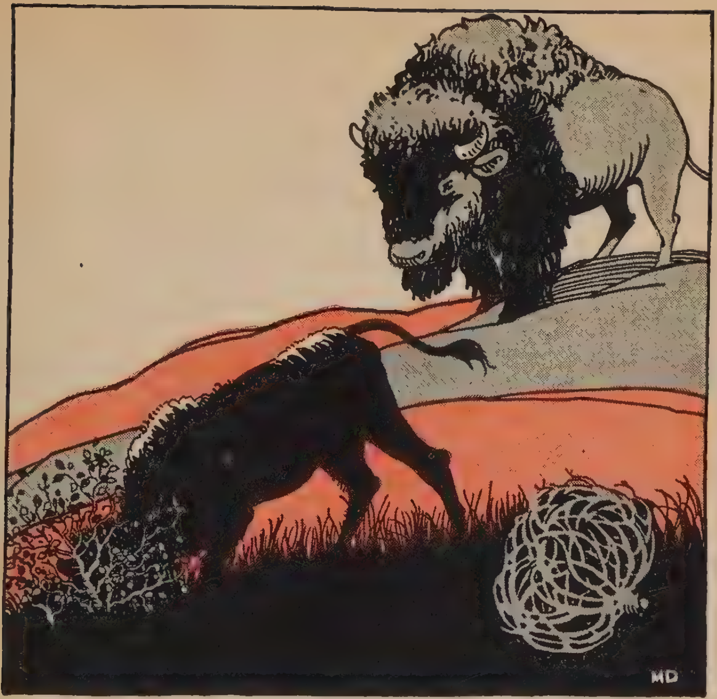
Helping to save Buff's Life

The first one to wake up was Buff, a little buffalo calf. He wanted his afternoon lunch. It seemed to him very stupid for his mother to sleep so long.

So he bumped against her with his soft little horns and tried to wake her up. But Buff's mother slept on and did not even feel him. Then he started out to see the big world by himself.

Buff had not gone very far before a big tumbleweed rolled close to him. He had never seen a tumbleweed before. What a scare it gave him! He stopped, stiff-legged. He gave a snort of fear. Then he rushed to hide. He went down on his knees and pushed his head into some sagebrush. He did not know that his body and his hind legs were showing!

It was lucky for Buff that his mother woke up just then and missed him. The other buffalo mothers stayed with their babies, but the buffalo fathers followed Buff's mother.



Pretty soon Buff's mother saw him there in the sagebrush. He was shaking with fear.

"Moo-oo-oo! moo-oo-oo!" she called.

"Moo-oo-oo!" answered Buff, as if to say, "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

He gave a jump and started to meet

her. His foot caught in a hole in the ground, and he tumbled over with a broken leg!

Then his mother came running. When she looked up, there was a big gray wolf, coming to steal her baby. This was real danger! Gray Wolf licked his chops and smiled a wicked smile as if to say, "Aha! I shall have some buffalo meat for my supper!"

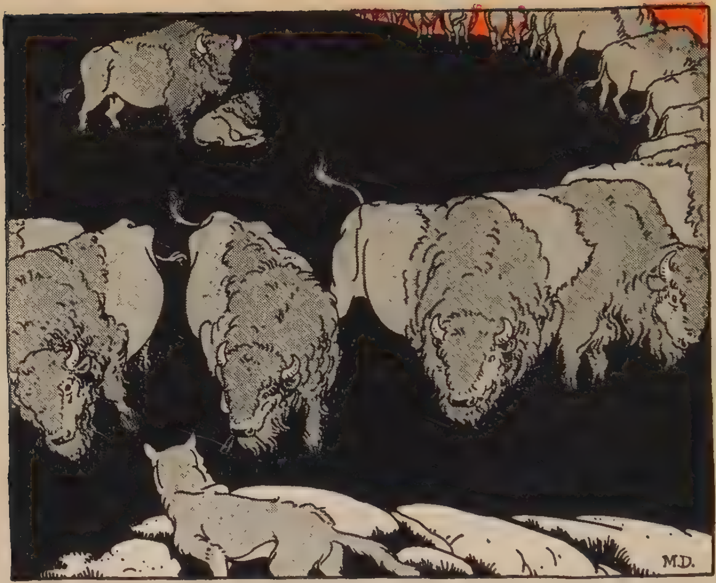
Buff's mother gave one look at the wolf. Then "Moo-oo-oo-oo!" she called. That surely meant "Help! Right away!"

Then all the buffalo fathers and uncles and grandfathers came running to help. They put themselves between Buff and Gray Wolf. They faced him, and when he came close, they struck at him with their sharp horns to drive him away.

Gray Wolf then ran around to get little Buff from another side. But there was a strong uncle buffalo, shaking his head and his horns to drive the wolf away.

After they had gone a little way, Buff's leg hurt, and he lay down to rest. Then Gray Wolf came back again. He sat down and waited and licked his chops and smiled his wicked smile!

So then all the buffalo fathers and uncles and grandfathers made a circle around Buff and his mother. They stood with their heads to the outside of the circle. Every time Gray Wolf came near they shook their shaggy heads at him and struck at him with their sharp horns. You may know that old Gray Wolf got some hard digs from those sharp horns. And more



than once the buffaloes bumped him down on the hard ground.

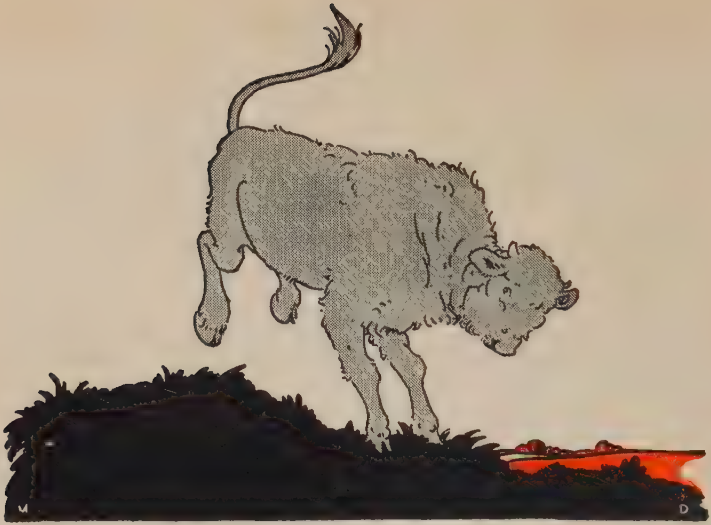
Old Gray Wolf worked and worked to get through that circle. He tried first one place and then another. Then ran round and round, but he could not get through anywhere — no sir! not even if he did want buffalo meat for his supper!

At last Gray Wolf must have thought, "Oh, well, if I can't have buffalo meat for my supper, I will find something else," for he gave up and trotted away.

Going back to Camp

When little Buff was rested, the buffaloes started back to their camp on the hillside. This time Buff's mother put her strong horns under Buff's broken leg. It was ever so much easier for Buff to limp along when his mother was helping him!

They moved along as fast as Buff could walk. The buffalo fathers and uncles and grandfathers kept a close watch to guard Buff from further danger. Before sundown they got back to the hillside where all the other buffalo families were camped.

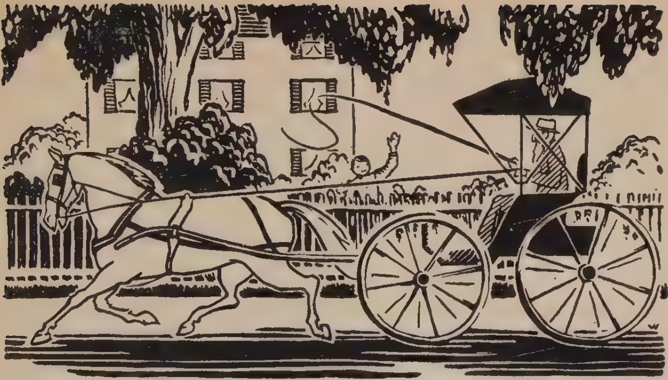


In a few weeks little Buff's leg was healed and he could play again. But as long as he lived, he must have remembered that it was no fun to play "Ring around a rosy" with Gray Wolf!

Can you Answer These?

1. What made Silky-Sides's fur like satin?

2. How was Buff's life saved?



Whoa! There!

"I know some words that my grandfather used every day that our children have never heard," said father.

"What are they?" Don asked.

"Get up! Whoa! Gee! and Haw!" father answered.

Don laughed. "What did they mean?" he asked eagerly.

"There," said father, "that's the way it goes. These days, children in the city know nothing about horses."

Then father went on to explain. "When people drove a horse and buggy, if the driver wanted the horse to start, he would say 'Get up!' That meant 'Go!' When he wanted the horse to stop, he would say 'Whoa!' That meant 'Stop!'"

Then father had to explain what "gee" and "haw" meant. "These words," he said, "were used when people drove oxen. If the driver wanted the oxen to turn to the right, he said 'Gee!' If he wanted them to turn to the left, he said 'Haw!' Then later, when horses were used in place of oxen, they were trained to 'gee' and 'haw.'"

"Wouldn't that sound funny?" laughed Don. "Get up! Whoa! Gee! Haw!"

"Well," said father, "that's the

way the world moves on. Your great-grandfather drove oxen. I drove a team of horses. Soon you will be driving an automobile, and I suppose your son will drive —"

"An airplane!" cried Don in delight. "But I am going to be a flier, too, Daddy. And oh, Daddy, if great-grandfather could go up in the clouds with me, a hundred miles an hour, what would he say to that?"

"I guess he'd say, 'Whoa! Whoa, there! Whoa! Whoa!'" laughed father.

"I wonder if he would!" cried Don.

And so did father.

An Exciting Story

"Tell us a story, Grandmother," cried John and his sister Mary Ann.

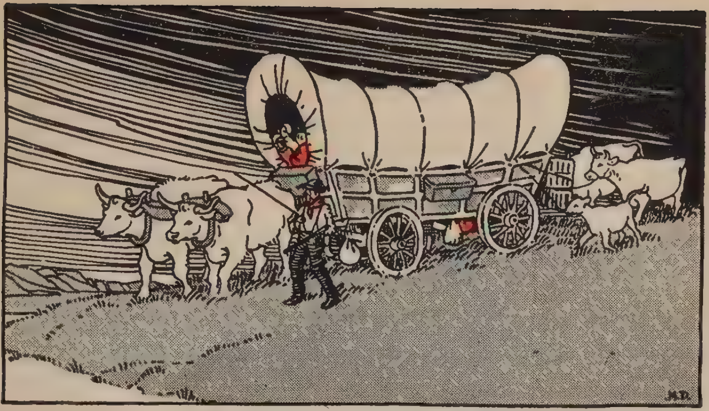
"But not an Indian story," cried Mary Ann. "It is too near bedtime, and they make me shiver."

"Well, let me see," said grandmother, trying to think of the best story to tell.

"Oh, I know, Grandma!" exclaimed John. "Tell us about the time you came over the plains in the covered wagon.

"How long did it take you, Grandma? How fast could the oxen run?"

"Oh, my dear child," said grandmother, "the oxen walked. And you can walk much faster than they could. The oxen could pull the heavy wagon only a few miles each day. So it took us many weeks to make the journey.



"But it was lots of fun for us children. The big wagon swayed back and forth as the oxen pulled us up hill and down hill to father's 'gee' and 'haw.' We held our breath as the wagon went into the deep water when we crossed the rivers. And we squealed with delight when the oxen sprinkled us with water as they shook it from their shaggy coats.

"We all climbed out of the wagon when the oxen stopped to rest. You see they had a heavy load to pull. Everything we had was in the covered wagon. Our table and chairs, mother's four-poster bed, all our little trundle beds, the big wooden wash tub, a whole barrel of soft soap that I had made myself, mother's clothes chest, her spinning wheel, and baby Lotty's walnut cradle.

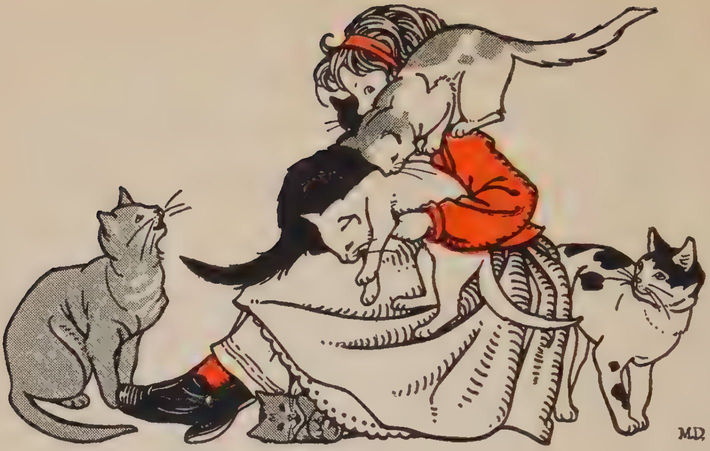
"Father fastened a lot of things under the wagon, too. Our two cows, Star and Lill, were tied on behind. Their little calves ran along beside them. Oh, yes, I must tell you an interesting story about the calves.

"When we reached the bank of the first river, father wondered if the little calves would be afraid to swim across with their mothers. When we got to the middle of the stream, father stopped the oxen. There were the two little calves standing on the bank, crying 'Ma-ma!' Poor little calves! Even mother had tears in her eyes, she felt so sorry for them.

"'Moo-moo!' called the mother cows. 'Moo-moo!' they called once more, and into the water the baby calves plunged. How glad we all were! Those little calves swam clear across the stream with their mothers.

"It was after that that we met the Indians — and, oh, yes!" said grandmother quickly. "I forgot to tell you that Malindy took two of her cats along in the covered wagon. And some day I am going to tell you about Malindy and her cats."

"Oh, Grandmother!" cried the children at once. "Tell it now! Tell it now!"



Malindy's Cats

"Well, you see," said grandmother, "Malindy loved cats. She took in every stray cat that came to our log house, and she named every one of them Phœbe Lou. She thought that was the nicest name in all the world. She had a white Phœbe Lou, a black Phœbe Lou, a gray Phœbe Lou, two spotted Phœbe Lou's, and a baby Phœbe Lou all at the same time.

"And then one stormy night we heard another stray cat crying at the door. Of course Malindy let her in.

"'Another cat?' asked mother, in surprise.

"'Yes,' laughed Malindy, 'and it's such a funny-colored one that I am going to give it a different name. I guess I'll call this one Hepsy Hair-a-rine. That's what I'll do!'

"'Oh, Malindy!' exclaimed mother, not knowing what else to say.

"Malindy made a warm bed of red flannel by the fireplace for Hepsy Hair-a-rine, and the next morning, what do you think? There in the little flannel bed beside Hepsy Hair-a-rine were nine little kittens. Three were almost all black with a little yellow spot on their noses. Two were yellow with black feet, three were white with black tails, and one was all yellowish-brown, just like its mother.

"'Oh, you dear, dear little things!' cried Malindy, as she gathered them into a basket and carried them out to the barn. There she made a nice warm nest in the hay for Hepsy Hair-a-rine and all her little kittens.

"Father was in the barn feeding the cows.

"'Well, Malindy,' father said teasingly, 'how shall you ever find names enough for all those kittens?'

"'Oh, that's easy enough,' laughed Malindy. 'I have named them already. I am going to call every one of them Phœbe Lou. Don't you think Phœbe Lou is the nicest name there is, Father? I do.'"

Finding the Word

In each of these columns is one word that does not belong there. Find the word. Tell why you picked it out.

1

elephants
pudding
hippopotamus

2

flannel
cupboard
calico

3

joy
delight
bumblebee

4

different
running
hurrying

Something to Do

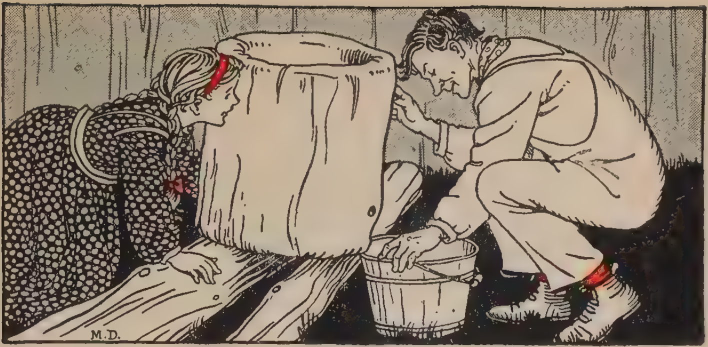
1. Count Malindy's cats.
2. Write the names of all her cats.
3. Make a picture of Hepsy Hair-a-rine and her nine babies.

Lydia makes a Barrel of Soap

When grandmother was a little girl her name was Lydia Scovel. On her thirteenth birthday Lydia made her first barrel of soft soap. You see, when grandmother was a little girl, people had to make their own soap. They could not buy it at the store as we do now.

"I have watched you make soap so many times, Mother," said Lydia, "that I am sure that I can do it if father makes the leach."

The leach was a hollowed-out stump of a big tree. It was used to hold the hardwood ashes and the water, which made the lye. It had a hole in the side, near the bottom, for the lye to drip out.



While her father was away in the woods, chopping down a basswood tree to make the leach, Lydia fetched the big wooden bucket from the house.

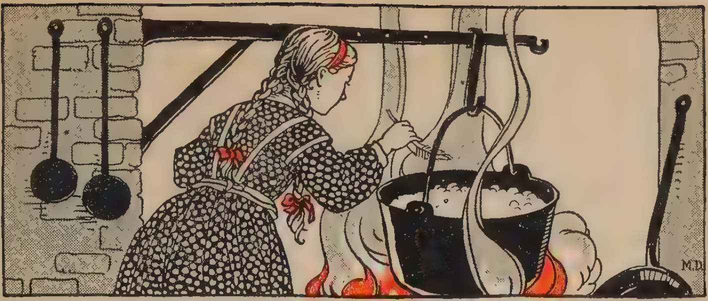
"Roll those two logs over here, my child," said Lydia's father, when he returned with the leach. "We'll put the big log at the back and the smaller one at the front. Then I'll set the leach on top, with the hole right over this big bucket. Now you see the leach has just the right slant to let the lye drip out of the hole into the bucket.

"I will hang the big soap-kettle on the iron rod for you. Then you can build a fire under it when you are ready. That's a pretty big job for a thirteen-year-old girl, but I believe you can do it."

Lydia ran to the barn to get an armful of fresh, clean straw to put on the bottom of the leach. Then she carried enough hardwood ashes to fill the leach to the top. She poured buckets and buckets of water over the ashes. She had to pull every bucketful by a rope from a deep well.

When the liquid dripped out of the leach into the bucket, it was a clear brown color. It was lye. The water and the hardwood ashes together had made lye.

Lydia knew that not a drop of the



liquid must touch her hands, or it would take the skin off. So she carried the bucket very carefully and emptied the lye into the big iron soap-kettle.

"Now I will make the fire and watch the lye boil," thought Lydia. "I wonder how long mother boils it. Oh, yes, she said to drop in a nice, clean hen feather. If the lye eats all the down then it will not need to boil any longer. I'll put in this feather from my own white Biddy."

The lye had to boil many hours before it was strong enough.

Then for the cracklings and fat scraps that mother had saved in the shed! Lydia put them all in the kettle and brought more sticks for the fire. And as she watched the liquid bubble and boil, she hummed a gay little tune, just as mother always did.

Lydia let the liquid boil until it looked like molasses candy. The lye had eaten up every fat scrap and crackling.

"And I know it's done now, too," said Lydia. "I can hear it say, 'Putter, putter, putter.'"

So Lydia put out the fire, even to the tiniest spark.

"In the morning my soap will be cool," said Lydia. "I am a grown-up girl now, I know, because I can make soap, just like mother. But it has taken me all day to do it."

Making Sentences

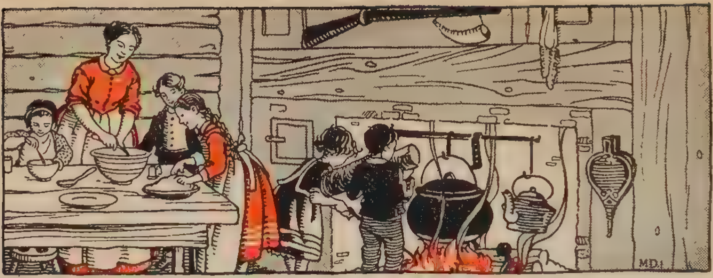
Can you put the right parts together to make three sentences?

1. The pioneers traveled -------.
2. They made -------.
3. Soap is made from ------.

lye and fat
their own soap
in covered wagons

How Many can you Answer?

1. What is a leach?
2. How did Lydia make lye?
3. Where did she get the water to pour over the ashes?
4. What did she put into the lye to make soap?
5. Why did the pioneers have to make their own soap?



Lydia's Thanksgiving Dinner

It is more than a hundred years since Lydia had her first Thanksgiving dinner in the little log house in the West. All of Lydia's neighbors were invited. And what a feast they all had!

If you could look under the lid of the big iron kettle in the picture, you could see what they are going to have. A very delicious meal is baking in the fireplace. What do you think it is? It is something that, perhaps, you have never seen or tasted. It is quail pie. Lydia's mother called it quail potpie.

When mother said that she wanted quail potpie for Thanksgiving, grandfather reached up to the pegs over the big fireplace and took down his gun. In less than an hour grandfather brought in twenty-four quails to be baked in a pie. You see there were many wild birds and animals when Lydia was a little girl. But the people were very careful not to kill more than they needed.

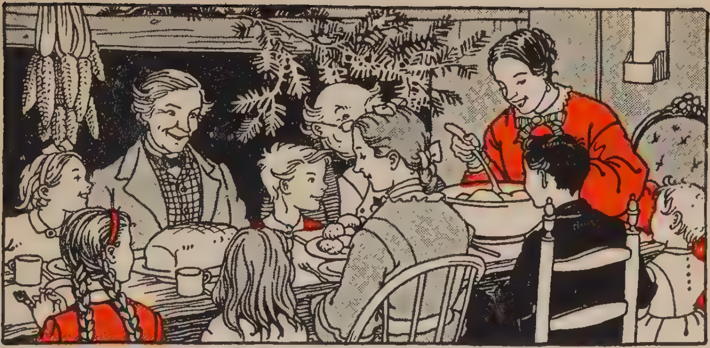
All the children helped mother get the Thanksgiving dinner ready. Harriet had a good time helping mother dress all the quails. It took a long time. Then mother told Harriet to put the quails on to stew and to get the bake kettle ready while she made the crust.

"Lydia and Mary," called mother, "you may run out to the woodpile for chips, and be sure to keep the fire just right for our pie. Frank, you may rake the red coals to the front of the fireplace and put the big bake kettle on."

Mother lined the big kettle with white crust and put the quail in, with salt and pepper and lots of fresh butter. Then she put on the top crust that had little holes in it to let out the steam. She covered the kettle with the big iron lid.

Harriet scooped up red-hot coals and piled them on top of the lid so that the crust would get nice and brown. And every few minutes mother turned the kettle around with a big iron hook, so that the pie would not burn.

While the pie was baking, the children hurried about to get the little log house ready for the company. Harriet



set the table with mother's pewter dishes and a steel knife and fork at each plate. Frank put a chair at the table for each one of the grown-up folks, but the little children had to stand on low stools to reach the table. Frank helped mother put a big log at one end of the table for Lydia, Harriet, Mary, and Edgar to sit on.

When the dinner was all done and every one was seated around the big table, mother served the quail potpie. And if you had been there, you would have had a whole quail on your plate. What if it had started to sing, like the bird in the dish that was set before the king! Do you remember the Mother Goose rime?

Sing a song of sixpence,
  A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
  Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
  The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
  To set before the King?

Lydia thought quail pie was as dainty as any dish that had ever been set before a king, even if the quail in her pie did not sing.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "I wish Thanksgiving day would last the whole year through. Don't you?"

Right or Wrong

Tell which of these sentences are right. Tell which are wrong.

1. Lydia lived in a big brick house.

2. Her mother cooked the Thanksgiving dinner in a kettle that hung in the fireplace.

3. In the kettle was a potpie.

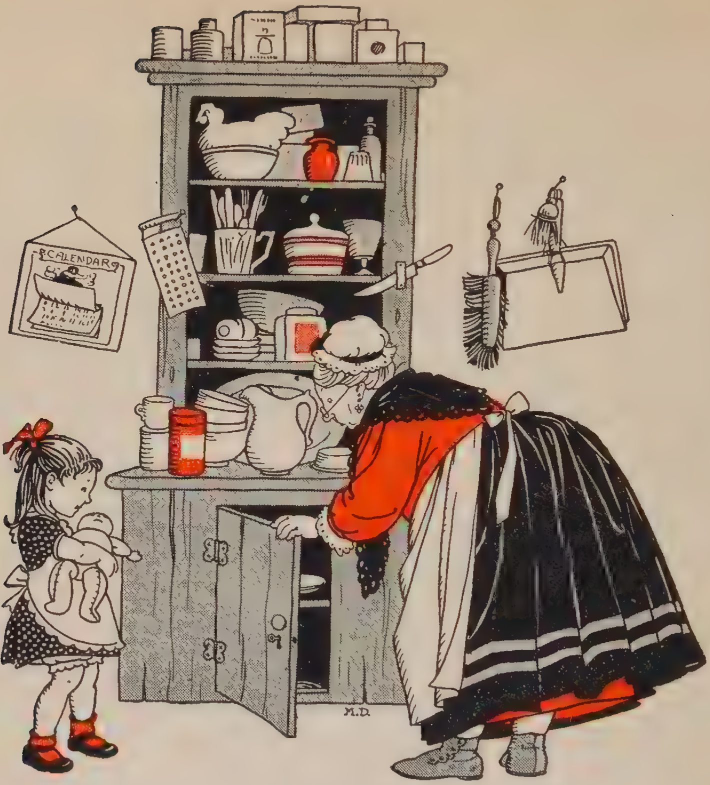
4. Four-and-twenty blackbirds were baked in the pie.

5. Grandfather hunted a whole day to get them.

6. The table was set with beautiful china.

7. Every one had a whole quail on his plate.

8. Then all the quails began to sing.


CALENDAR
M.D.

The Cupboard

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny, tiny key,
And there's a jar of lollipops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes,
For me, me, me.

I have a small, fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's keeper of the Cupboard,
With a key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes, and lollipops
For me, me, me.

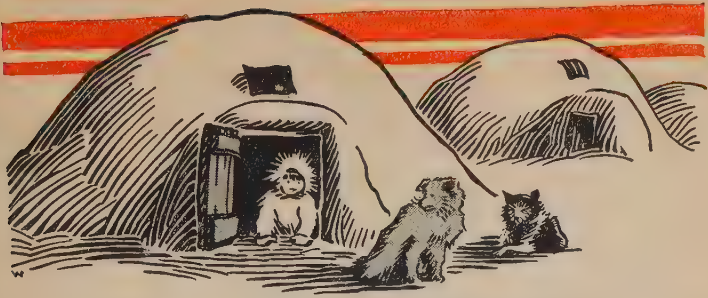
WALTER DE LA MARE

The Eskimo

If you should go to the Far North, you would come to the home of the Eskimo. You could not reach the Eskimo's home by train or by automobile. There are no trains or automobiles where the Eskimo lives. But you could have a ride on a big sled pulled by dogs. Maybe there would be as many as ten dogs hitched to your sled.

Eskimo dogs can go very fast. When they get tired they dig a hole in the snow and crawl into it.

You would be interested in seeing an Eskimo house. But you would not find it very cozy to live in. Many Eskimos build their winter houses out of cakes of snow. They make their houses round so that the strong winds cannot blow



them over. These round snow houses are called igloos.

In some places the Eskimo makes his winter house out of rocks or of wood that has been brought to the shore by the sea. He then covers it with sod and snow to keep the cold wind out.

The igloos are lighted by queer little lamps made from hollowed-out soapstone. They burn oil made from whale or seal fat. And what do you think the Eskimo uses for a wick? A piece of dried moss! This lamp helps to keep the igloo warm too.

For dinner you would not have any fresh fruit or vegetables. You would have fish or meat, and perhaps a kind of fat called blubber. Blubber comes from the sea animals. It helps to keep the Eskimo warm.

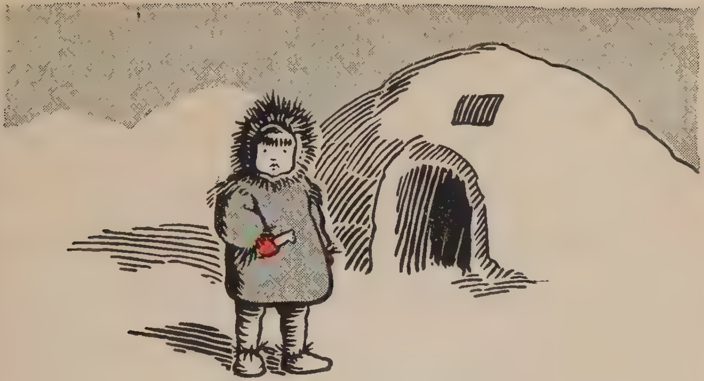
In winter you would need a heavy fur coat, or parka, like those the Eskimos wear, to keep you warm.

The Eskimo mother makes the parka out of the fur of animals. She sews it with a bone needle. If the needle breaks, the Eskimo father makes a new one.

Do you think you could make a bone needle, or even sew with one?

Should you like to be an Eskimo?

Look on the next page to see who is there. Should you like to visit this little Eskimo boy?



A True Eskimo Story

Azazruk is a little Eskimo boy.

Can you say his name, A-zaz′ruk?

On the next page is a true story about Azazruk.

The name of this story is "Azazruk and the Camooganpooks."

Can you say ca-moo′gan-pooks?

Azazruk was afraid of the camooganpooks.

If you read the story you will find out why he was afraid of them.

Azazruk and the Camooganpooks

Azazruk at Home

"Today I must go and fish," said Azazruk's mother. "And my son must not go from the house. He must not go, no matter who comes. A great storm might come up, and then he would be lost and frozen."

Azazruk's mother wound up her short fishing line and drew on her fur parka. Azazruk heard his mother creep out of the igloo and go shuffling off down the hill.

It was very cozy and still in the house. For a while Azazruk had a good time playing. His uncle had made him a bone bear and a whale. Azazruk liked to play with them. A great man was this same uncle. He had

been far, far away from home. There he had seen the camooganpooks. Camooganpooks are very big dogs.

"Ah-ne-ca!" his uncle had cried. "Ah-ne-ca! the white men have great camooganpooks; large, oh, large as walrus. One kind has tusks sticking out of the top of his head, and he says 'Moo! moo!' Another has no tusks. But he has iron feet, and he pulls things like a camoogan, only he is strong, strong!"

"And would the camooganpooks bite you?" asked Azazruk.

"I don't know," his uncle had said. "But I think they would, for they are very large and they make strange noises."

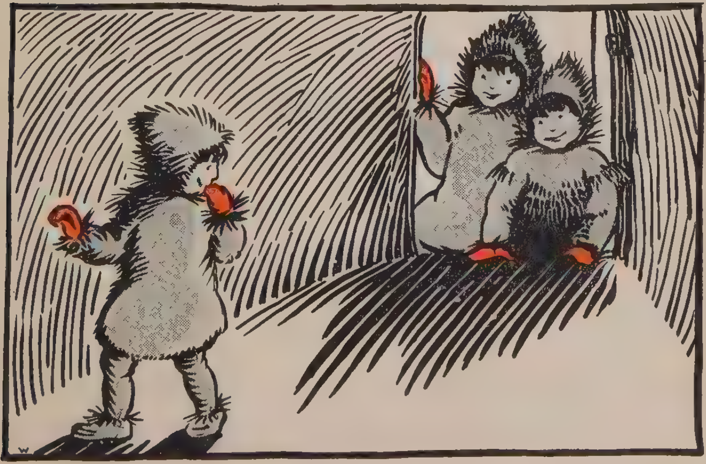
"Ah-ne-ca!" Azazruk had cried. "I shouldn't like to go so far away from home."

Azazruk was thinking about the camooganpooks as he played with his bone bear and his whale. And sometimes he played that the bear and the whale were camooganpooks and that he was hunting them. Over and over he killed them, and skinned them, and hung their skins up on the igloo wall to dry.

But a small boy soon gets tired of playing all by himself. So Azazruk pulled on his little fur parka and went into the outer room. He looked out of the igloo. The longer he looked the more he wanted to go out to play. He had often played out of doors in the summer when the snow was all gone and the weather was warm.

All at once two faces peeped in at the opening. Azazruk was frightened. He started to run back into the house. But when he saw the bright faces of two little girls he stopped and said, "Hello!"

"Come out and play," they begged.



"I can't," said Azazruk, a bit sadly. "Mother says I might get lost in a storm."

"Oh, come on," they teased. "We'll watch you. We won't let you get lost."

Azazruk stopped a minute. He looked up once more at the blue sky, and out he went. He was soon playing that he was the only child of the two little girls.

The Little Runaway

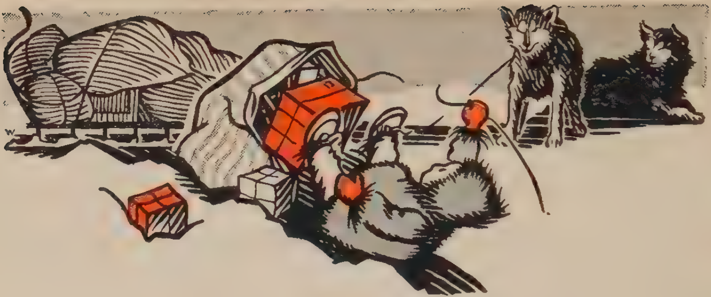
All too soon Azazruk's playmates forgot their promise. They let him go off on a little trip by himself, and for this he was not a bit sorry. Now that he was out of doors he saw so many ways in which to go! And away he went to the schoolhouse. He had just seen a strange dog team stop there. There was something on the sled.

Azazruk was sure it must be interesting—very, very interesting. And soon he was beside the sled, and Ah-ne-ca! Yes, it was interesting—a great striped sack all tied up tight. What a surprise! What secrets that sack might hold!

Now Azazruk had never been told that it was wrong to meddle with things that were not his own, and why should he have been? In an Eskimo village everything belongs to everybody.

So Azazruk meddled with that queer-looking sack. First he tumbled it off the sled. Then he worked away till he found out how to open it. And soon he had emptied it out on the snow.

Here were more surprises—small brown packages all tied round and round with cords. Azazruk took hold

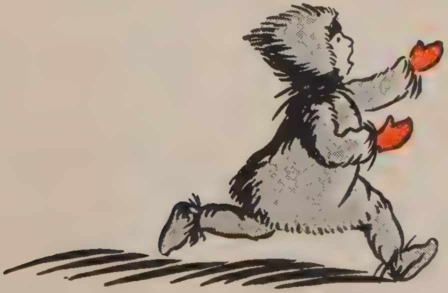


of the biggest one. He tugged away at the cord with all his might. And all at once it broke, and over tumbled Azazruk. When he got back on his feet, Ah-ne-ca! how round his eyes did grow! There in front of him on the snow were some little animals. Some had tusks sticking out of the tops of their heads, and some had iron feet!

Azazruk gave one loud cry and ran for home as fast as ever his feet could go. My, how he did run!

"Mamma! Mamma!" he shouted. "Camooganpook! Camooganpook!"

To be sure they were small "camooganpooks," but that did not quiet Azazruk's fear. Had he not heard the witch doctors tell of strange animals that were small, small, then large, large all at once? And so he raced home as fast as ever he could, his heart thumping hard. Twice he tripped over his parka and fell. Then he was sure he should be eaten up by the camooganpooks. But at last he tumbled into his own house. He hid under the wooden shelf the family used for a bed. There he stayed until his mother came home



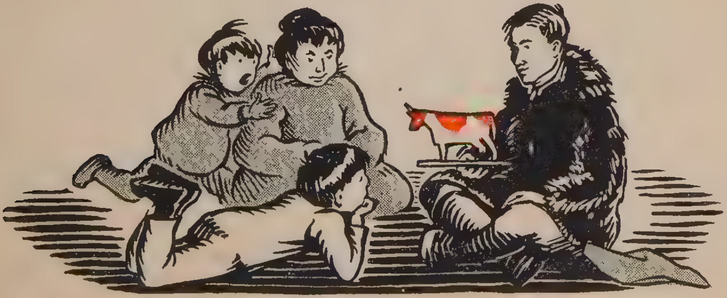
with the fish. But never a word did he tell her about the camooganpooks and where he had been.

Azazruk has Another Surprise

Now, what do you suppose the camooganpooks were? Perhaps you have already guessed that they were little toy cows and horses. But what do you think they were doing in this frozen land?

This is what had happened: the school-teacher, Mr. Thompson, had not found it very easy to teach the children to read. You see, the books told about cows and horses and other animals that the Eskimo children had never seen. So Mr. Thompson had sent for some toy animals. He wanted to show them to the children. Then the children would know what the real animals looked like. In that way they would understand their reading better.

That night Mr. Thompson picked up the things from the mail sack which Azazruk had scattered over the snow. He then carried one of these little toy camooganpooks to Azazruk's house. It was for Azazruk's older brother. Mr. Thompson crept slowly into the igloo. Then he unwrapped the package, and Ah-ne-ca! Azazruk's eyes were looking right at one of the terrible things in his very own house.



Whew! how frightened he was! Under his mother's parka he rushed, crying, "Mamma! Mamma! Camooganpook!"

Of course, after that Azazruk had to tell where he had been and where he had seen the camooganpooks. When he had told his story and had been forgiven, he did not feel quite so frightened. And when the teacher had said that this was only a toy like his white bear and his whale, he felt very much safer.

But, just the same, for a long time Azazruk could not play happily with the toy camooganpook. It made him feel so much like running away!

ROY J. SNELL

Olaf of Orchard Farm[1]

Why the Brownie Went Away

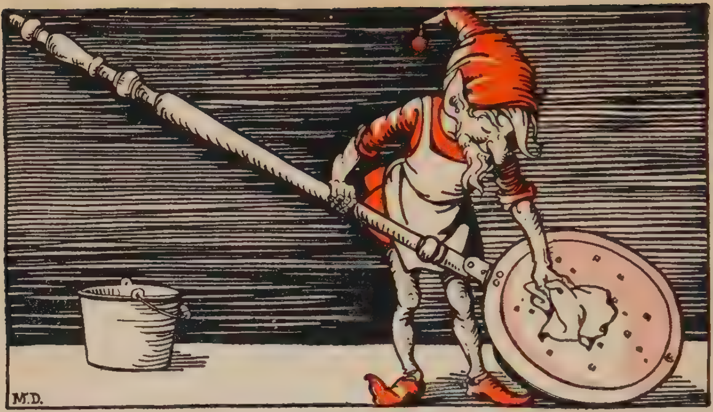
Olaf was a little boy who lived in the North Country. He lived on Orchard Farm, which was tucked away between the hills where the cold winds could not reach it.

Olaf used to play in the apple orchard behind the house. He liked to sit under the trees and think of the tales his father had told him. Best of all he liked to think about the Brownie who had once lived on Orchard Farm, long, long ago.

That was long before Olaf came to live with his father and mother.

---

[1] Adapted from "Olaf of Orchard Farm." Copyright by the publishers of "The Book of Knowledge," and reproduced with their permission.



Olaf liked to hear his father tell how the little Brownie came night after night, when they were sleeping. How he cleaned the floors and scoured the table! How he put a shine on the kettles and made the warming pans so bright! And how he kept the whole farm as clean as a new pin!

They had learned to love the tiny little thing. But now he was gone, and they missed him. Olaf was his mother's helper now. He picked up the apples in the orchard. He cared for the sheep. He helped his mother churn, and watched the saucepan to see that the porridge did not boil over.

But when his father came home at night Olaf was ready for a story. He wanted to hear more and more about the wee little Brownie.

"Tell me why he went away, Father," said Olaf one evening.

"Well, my son," said the good farmer, "there's great pride in brownies. They'll work their fingers off for love. But you must never thank them or try to pay them or they will go away. You may put out a saucer of milk for them at night, but that is all.

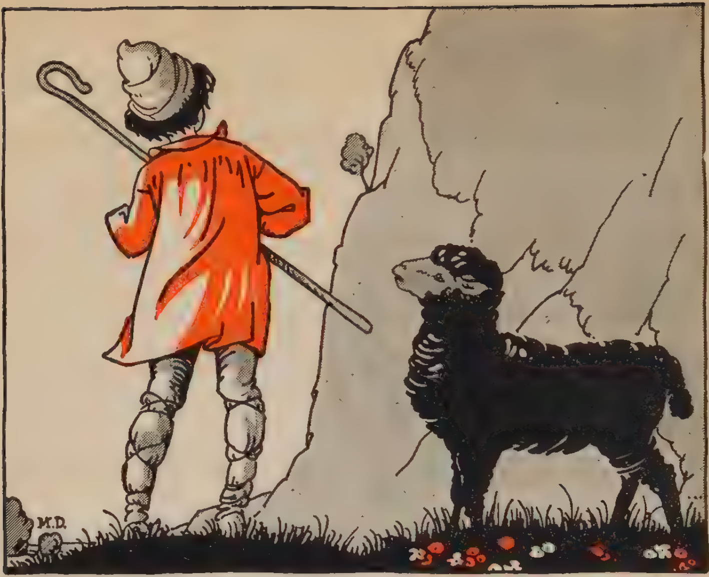
"I was thankful to the little thing. He had done so much for us! I could not think of letting him work for nothing, so I bought a fine piece of green cloth and a pretty piece of brown cloth. Your mother sat up all night and made a pair of little breeches and a handsome little coat for him. That night, when we put out the milk, your mother put the little clothes beside it. In the middle of the night we heard the little Brownie talking to himself.

"'A nice pair of breeches and a coat to my back! I can come here no more,' said the little Brownie, 'till a son of the house finds me, and, with me, travels the world over.'"

"I fear you have told Olaf far too much about the Brownie," sighed Olaf's mother. "Now he may go traveling all over this wide world to find the Brownie. And he will never find his way back to us."

All the next day Olaf thought about the Brownie. He wanted so much to know where he could find him! He asked everything he knew. He asked the oldest apple tree in the orchard. It said nothing. He asked the cows. They said nothing. He asked the dog, but he only barked about other things. He asked the sheep, and they said nothing. But they looked as if they knew.

Olaf tended the sheep all the year long. He listened and watched very closely. At last, one June evening, when he was coming home from the pasture, he heard the music of bagpipes. It came softly over the meadow. He heard it again, night after night, until at last he made up his mind to follow



it. He must know who played the pipes so sweetly. So he left the path and followed the music. He walked softly. He was so afraid he should lose it! It sounded clear and sweet, and always before him. It seemed to come from a great wall of rocks in the mountain where a little ash tree waved in the breeze.

At last Olaf came to the rocks. He started to climb up. He twisted himself over the little tree and climbed until he came to a crack in the rocks. But the rocks were so smooth that he could not climb any higher. All the time the music of the bagpipes sang over his head. Olaf listened.

At last he shouted: "Ho, there! You with the music! O-ho!"

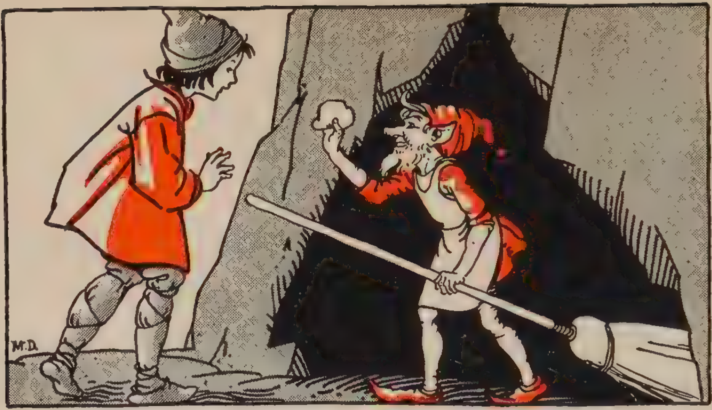
The music stopped suddenly. A little brown face with a small white beard looked down at Olaf.

"So it's Olaf at last!" it said.

A thin, brown, hairy little arm reached down and caught Olaf by the wrist.

"Pull now," said the little thing.

Olaf pulled, and the muscles grew thick on the hairy little arm. One more pull and Olaf stood beside the Brownie.



"I've been waiting for you a long time," said the little brown thing. "Look!" he cried, and he ran into a little cave and came out dragging a broom behind him. He held a stone in one hand. It was polished so brightly that Olaf could see his face in it.

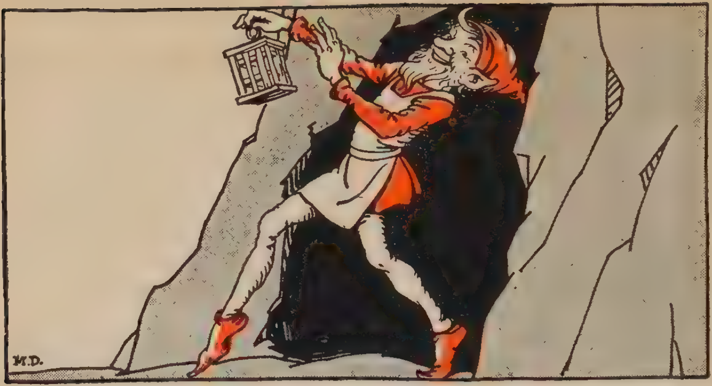
"I've worn out two hundred and thirty brooms," said the Brownie. "And I've polished this rough stone smooth — all because I've had no proper work since I left your farm."

"Are you the Brownie that lived on Orchard Farm long, long ago?" asked Olaf, joyfully. "Why, I've been looking for you ever since I can remember! I should never have found you but for the sheep. They knew where you lived, didn't they?"

"Yes," said the Brownie, "they did."

"Oh, tell me," cried Olaf. "Will you come back to our farm now?"

"Not yet," said the Brownie. "We must travel the world over and then I'll come back and give those warming pans a shine. It's a long time since I've seen them. Your father should have known better than to pay a Brownie. He should have known that we work only for love. I've had to wait a long time for the child of the house to grow up and to find me."



"But you have come! You have come!" cried the Brownie, and he danced into the cave to fetch a cage with a big black cricket in it. He opened the cage and took the cricket out.

"Now there's nothing left to do but our travels," said the Brownie. "And then back to Orchard Farm!

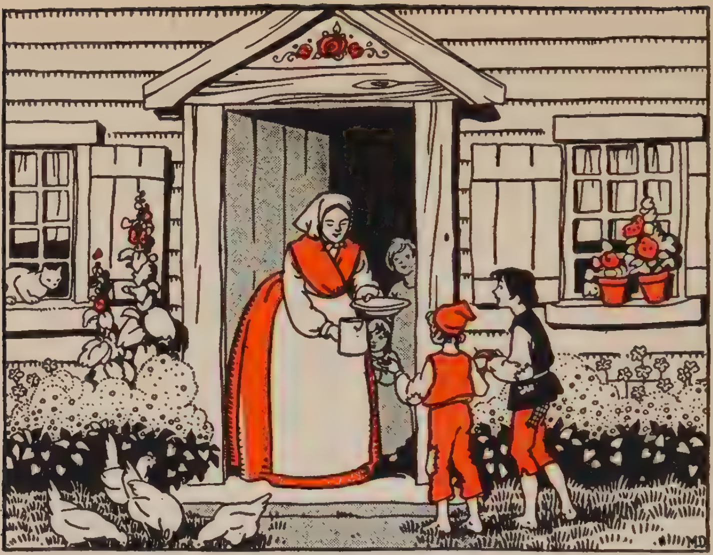
"So fly, cricket, fly! Fly fast and straight and tell all the brownies in the pine wood by the sea to put out a boat. Tell them we are coming, and that we will sail far, far away. And then back home we'll come!"

Olaf heard a "krrrrrrr!" in the pine woods. "It might be the brownies hammering on the boat," thought Olaf.

Soon they set out, Olaf and the Brownie, to travel the world over. And by and by the Brownie came back to Orchard Farm, where he used to live.

Every night he scrubs the floors and polishes the kettles and makes the warming pans shine. And every night there is a saucepan of milk by the orchard wall for him.

Olaf never gives him a cent of money, or buys him any clothes. And all the time the little Brownie is happy. He is so very happy, all because he is working only for love!



John's Adventure

Long ago, in the days of goblins and giants, there lived two poor brothers who had no home. Henry was the older and John was the younger brother. The two boys went about from place to place, and kind people gave them bread and milk and sometimes a warm bed to sleep in.

One evening as the boys were tramping about they crossed a wide ditch. In front of them was a high cornfield. They went into the field.

Tromp! tromp! came some one rushing into the cornfield, straight toward the boys. Henry started to run, but John stood still on the spot looking straight into the face of a giant.

"Ho, there! What are you doing? Who told you to tramp down my corn?" shouted the giant.

Henry was too frightened to answer, but John said as bravely as he could: "We did not mean to spoil anything. We are very hungry and we just picked a few of the corn tops."

"So, that's it, is it? Well, I have food enough for ten boys your size. Come along with me."

"Oh, John!" sighed Henry, as the giant turned his back to lead them out of the field, "I am scared to death of that giant. Stay here! I'd rather starve than be eaten up by a giant."

Poor Henry was shaking from head to toe. But John tried hard to be brave and said: "Thank you, sir. We will go with you."

And off went the giant with steps six feet long. John and Henry hurried along beside him like two little beetle bugs at the feet of an elephant.

As soon as they were out of the cornfield, they came to the giant's house.

"Walk right in," shouted the giant.

Then he began to yell for his wife.

"Where are you, woman?" he shouted. "Come here and see what we have for supper."

"They are going to eat us!" sighed Henry.

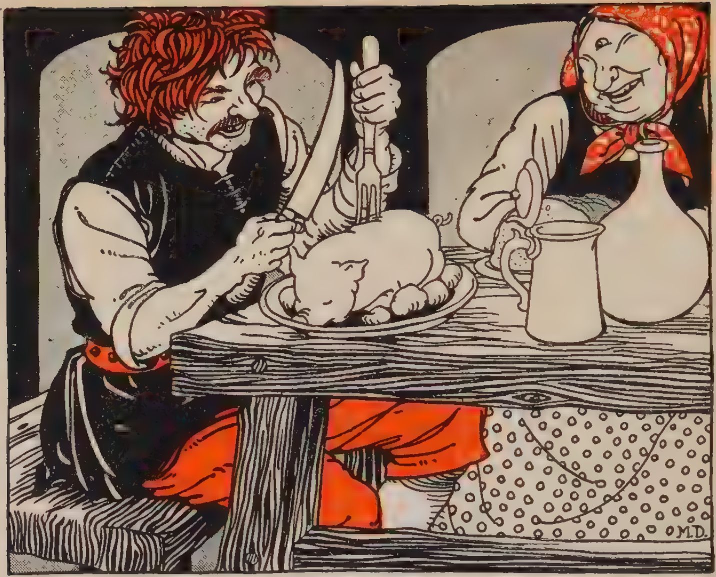
Thump! thump! came the giant's wife, and started at once to set the table. The boys had never seen a woman half so large, and she had one eye in the middle of her forehead.

"Now, sit down and help yourselves," said the giant. "Eat all you can. No one stays hungry very long in my house."

With that the giant left the room and locked the door behind him.

"John," whispered Henry, "did you see that? He locked us in here."

John was frightened, but the boys were both so hungry that they could not help but eat. When the meal was over, the giant's wife carried the dishes out of the room.



Henry tip-toed to the locked door and peeked through a wide crack. There was the giant sitting at a table, carving a roast pig. On the table were loaves of bread and rolls of cheese as big as buckets.

"Ah!" boasted the giant to his wife, "didn't I bring in a pair of fine, big boys? They are a little thin now, but in a few weeks they will make as fine a roast as this pig. And then, what a feast we shall have!"

Henry turned pale as he stood there listening. He stumbled over to John and told him what the giant had said. Then John began to shiver.

"How can we ever get out of here?" he asked.

He went to the door and peeked through the crack.

"Now," said the giant to his wife, "while I saddle my horse for a ride, you let the boys out. They will fatten up faster if they get a little exercise. But take care that they don't get away. Keep your eye on them."

The giant's wife opened the door.

"Come out now, boys," she said, "and run around a little. You will sleep better tonight and eat a better breakfast in the morning."

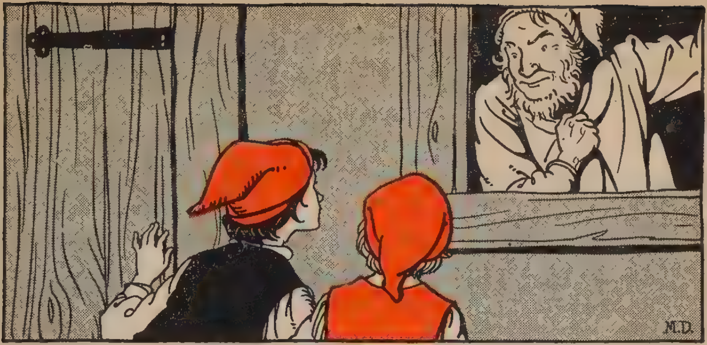
Henry stood still and shivered. But John ran out, as if he were not a bit afraid, and looked for a way to escape. But the giant's wife watched him every minute with that one big, round eye.

When night came, the woman sent the boys into the attic to bed.

The boys stood there in the room looking at each other. The giant's wife was snoring like thunder in her bed below.

"Henry!" said John, "now is the time to run away before the giant comes home."

The two boys slipped down the ladder and out into the night. They did not stop to break off any corn tops. They almost flew over the ditch.



There on the other side of the ditch lived a kind old farmer and his wife. The house was dark, but John rapped on the door.

"We are two boys who ran away from the giant," called John to the farmer.

"Come in," called the farmer from a window. "You are lucky to have got away from the monster."

John thanked the farmer, and the boys stayed all night. Before breakfast the next morning, John was milking the cows for the farmer. Suddenly he heard a noise. It was the giant's horse galloping through the cornfield. If the giant had crossed the ditch he would have lost his power, so he shouted to the boys from the other side.

"Ho, there! Come back here, you runaways!" roared the giant. "Did I not feed you and give you a bed to sleep in? Come back to me and I will give you a great gift. In the tower of my house is a princess. She has hair of pure gold, and her eyes are sparkling bright jewels. Whoever unlocks her door may have her for his bride."

"Oh, no," called John, "who wants to be eaten for the sake of a princess?"

The next day the boys set out again on their journey. After a long time they came to the wonderful palace of the king. John rapped on the door and asked for work.

"We can use a fine-looking boy like you," said one of the men, turning to John.

"But isn't there something for my brother, too?" asked John.

"Never mind," said Henry. "I don't like to work anyway."

Then he said good-by to John and went off by himself.

John stayed and worked so happily that the king himself became interested in him. Before long he liked John better than any one else about the palace.

One day the king was talking to John. Then John told him about the princess in the tower of the giant's house.

"Go," said the king, "and bring the princess to my palace that I may see her."

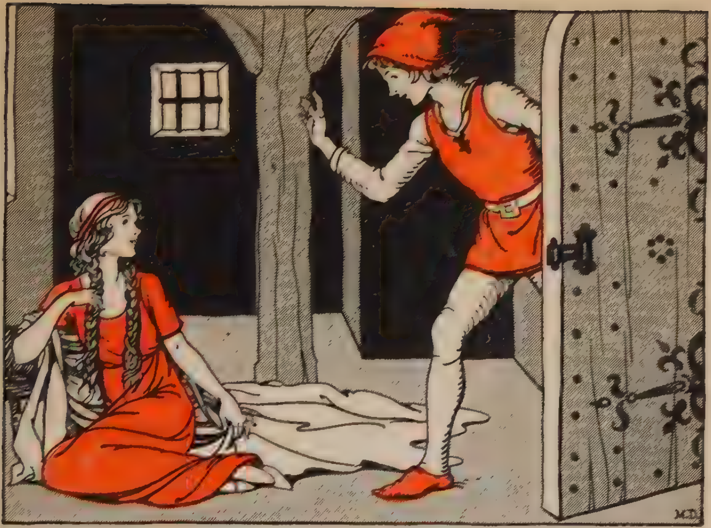
"I will go," said John. "And if I fail, it will not be because I did not try."

On his way John stopped at the farmer's house to tell him what he was going to do.

"You are a brave boy to risk your life," said the farmer, "but I should tell the king I could not do it."

"No," said John. "I must free the princess and take her back to the king's palace."

John stayed with the farmer until dark. Then he crept into the giant's yard and hid behind some trees. He stayed there all night. In the morning, as soon as the giant was gone John



slipped quietly into the house. Up, up into the tower he went. There was the big heavy door that could be opened only by the man who was to have the princess for his bride.

John touched the lock and the door swung open. There was the most beautiful girl John had ever seen.

"Pray! Who art thou?" cried the princess in surprise.

"Come, I am here to set you free," answered John, quickly.

"Then you are to be my husband," said the princess, "for no one but my true love could open the door."

"No, no!" answered John. "I am serving the king. Come, we must hurry!"

And without waiting for an answer, John hurried away to the palace with her.

Now it happened that the princess was the king's own daughter. And after a time the king gave the princess to the brave young man who had freed her.

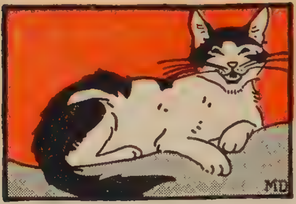
When the giant found out what had happened he flew into such a rage that he burst. And that was the end of the giant!

Choosing the Right Words

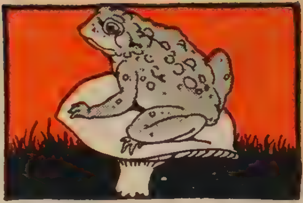
Here are two columns of words. Which of these words tell about John? about Henry? about the giant? about the princess?

lazy
willing to work
cowardly
cheerful
brave
cross
kind hearted
angry
lovely

kind
foolish
greedy
ugly
beautiful
fierce
gentle
helpful
thoughtful



I am Timothy Titus.
I had an adventure.



What am I?
Do you know?

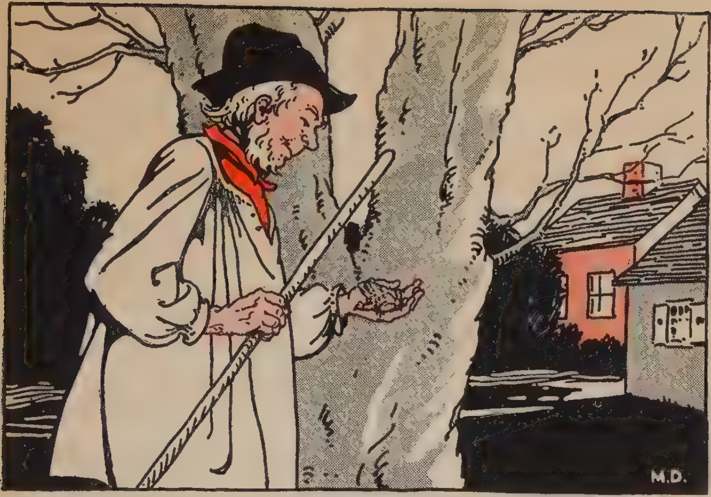
Somebody's Friends

The next two stories are true animal stories. One is about a very ugly little fellow, but he is a very good friend to us. Which is he, do you think?

Why do you think the toad is called our friend? See if you can find out by reading the story on page 173.

What was Timothy's adventure? Can you guess? You can find out by reading the story on page 178.

But the story about our good friend the toad comes first.



Our Good Friend the Toad

We may not think the toad is very handsome, but he is one of our very best friends. A gardener once picked up a big, fat toad that was hiding under a leaf.

"Here is the little fellow who takes care of my garden," he said. "I wouldn't sell him for a hundred dollars if I couldn't get another one in his place.

If you could look into his stomach right now you might find as many as fifty cutworms in it. Think what those cutworms would have done to my garden if they had lived!

"I am sure that this little fellow has eaten many thousand insects this last month. You see a toad fills his stomach full of worms and insects several times a day. So it doesn't take him long to eat up a whole army of them.

"A toad will eat over eighty different kinds of insects. He eats mosquitoes too. We should be bothered with mosquitoes much more than we are if it were not for our good friend, the toad."

The toad seems to be a very greedy little fellow. Yet he can live more than a year without food, or even a drop of water. He is such a helper that, after all, it doesn't matter if he isn't so very good looking. But some children think that baby toads are really good looking.

Have you ever seen little tadpoles wiggling around in a pond or in a shallow pool? They do not look at all like toads, but these little tadpoles will grow into toads.

When the toad is fully grown, his mouth is large and his jaws are hard. He has no use for teeth because he swallows his food whole. His long, sticky tongue is fastened at the front of his mouth. The back of the tongue is free so that the toad can flip it over and catch an insect, quick as a flash.

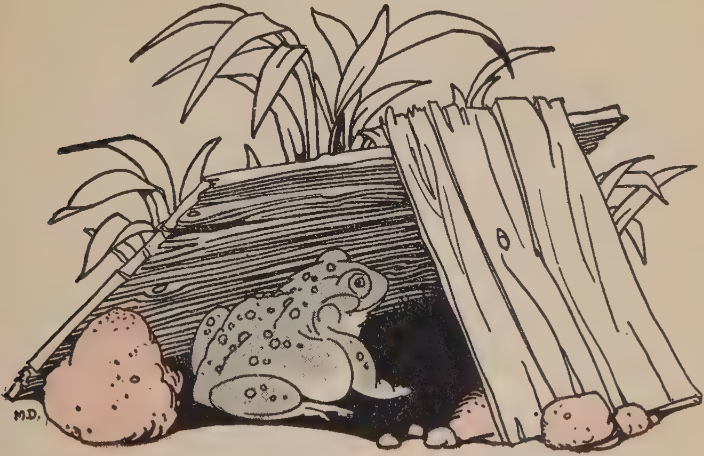
The toad grows very slowly, but can live many years. Some toads live to be twenty years old.

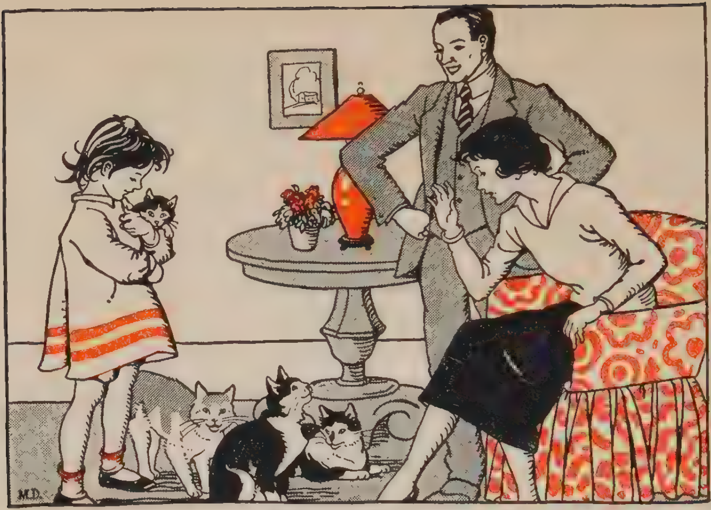
When winter comes the toad goes deep into the ground or sleeps under boards or stones. In the spring he comes out, and if you are in the country you can hear him singing. He raises his head out of the water and puffs out his throat until it looks like a toy balloon. The toad is never very handsome, and this makes him look funnier than ever.

Some people believe that they get warts if they touch a toad. Such nonsense! The toad's warts are filled with a white liquid that helps to keep him from being eaten by his enemies.

The best way to learn about this little friend is to keep one a while for a pet. You must give him a floor of cool, wet dirt. You must give him water to swim in. You must place boards or stones where he can crawl under them when the sun is hot. And you must feed him plenty of angleworms and insects every day.

You will find him one of the most interesting pets that you ever had.





Trading Timothy Titus[1]

"Dear me," said mother, "I can't think of having four cats in the house all winter."

"I should say you couldn't," laughed father. "You will have to give them away."

But there was the old kitty — father himself couldn't think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere.

---

[1] Reprinted by permission of the *Youth's Companion.*

Then there were Toots and Jingle—it did seem too bad to part them. They were black and white, and so nearly alike that you had to look at their noses to tell them apart. Toots's nose was black, and Jingle's nose was white.

And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, too, but a great deal more white than black.

"He is an odd one," said mother. "We might give him away first."

But Caroline looked sad and caught up Timothy Titus. "O-oh," said she, hugging him close to her neck. "He is so sweet, Mother, I can't think of parting with him."

By and by the kittens were taking

their nap by the fire, when in came Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the little heap on the floor and laughed. "Seems to me you have more than your share of cats," he said. "We haven't any."

"Caroline might give you one of hers," said mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes.

"Suppose we make a trade," he said to Caroline. "I'll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these," and he picked up Timothy Titus.

Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush, and maybe four cats were too many.

"I — I will if mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle," she said.

Mother laughed; she did not like to

promise. "We will see about it," she said. "Three cats are less than four, anyway."

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples, and gave them to Caroline. And Caroline hugged and kissed and cried over Timothy Titus. Then she gave him to Mr. Davis, who tied a bag over him and put him in a basket.

"I guess he'll be all right," said Mr. Davis. "Good day," and away rumbled the apple cart.

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline grew sad. The sky had grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. Then Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

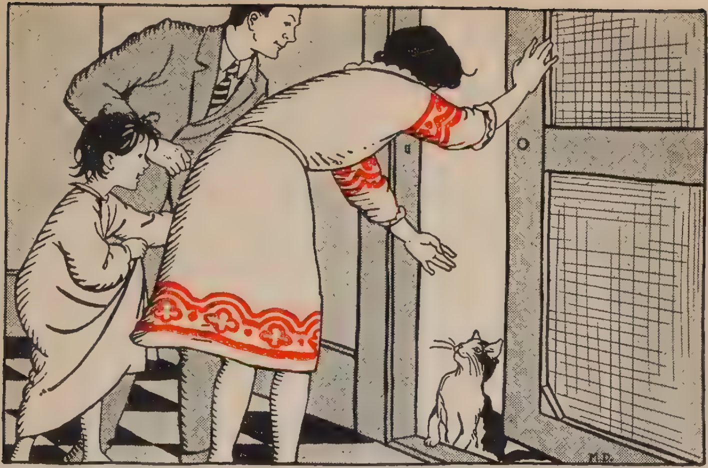
"It is all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone," sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother's lap. "How should I feel if Teddy were given away, where I'd never see him any more? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don't like them. Oh, dear!"

But mother said maybe Timothy Titus would come home again. "I've heard of such things," she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat that traveled forty miles back to her old home.

"But I don't believe Timothy Titus can," sighed Caroline. "He's over the river, and there isn't any bridge — only the ferryboat. I 'most know he can't."

"Oh, stranger things than that have happened," said mother.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next morning. When the kitchen door was opened — what do you



think? In walked Timothy Titus, as large as life. He was just a little bit draggled as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

"Hello!" said father.

"Well, well!" said mother. "Why, Timothy Titus!"

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed, too glad to do anything. "Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, Mother?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said mother.

Neither could any one else, unless it was the ferryman. He told father that he thought he saw a little black-and-white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But he wasn't sure of it.

"Well, Timothy Titus has come back," she said, "and he is going to stay, isn't he, Mother? We can give Mr. Davis back his apples."

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn't going to take back the apples. And Timothy Titus stayed!

Adapted

Making Sentences

Here are the parts of some sentences. Can you put the two parts of each sentence together?

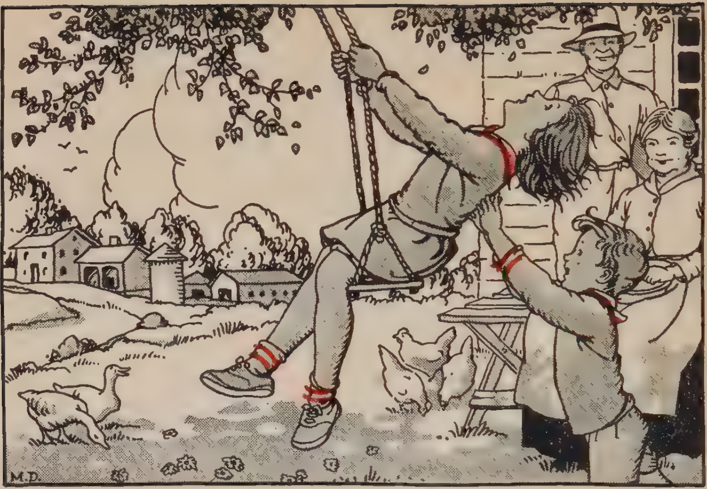
1. The toad is one of our ------.
2. He eats many ------.
3. The toad was once ------.
4. A toad may live to be ------.
5. We do not get warts ------.

harmful insects
from touching a toad

best friends
a tadpole
twenty years old

Something to Do

Draw a picture of Timothy Titus, Toots, and Jingle. Write the name of each cat under its picture.



On Grandfather's Farm

"When mother said, 'Only one more week till vacation!' we jumped for joy," Buddy told his grandfather.

Grandfather had just brought Buddy and Bernice out to the farm for their summer vacation. And how happy they were! Grandpa called them his little wild flowers because they were so bright and gay. Grandmother said it was hard to tell who were the gayest: she and grandpapa, or little Buddy and Bernice. On the last day of school, Bernice and Buddy told their friends all about their grandfather's farm.

"I am so glad my grandpa lives in the country," said Bernice. "And I think he has the nicest farm in the whole world. I like to go to school in town, but in town there is no place to play that is all our own. It's so flat and crowded! It's all streets and sidewalks. There are no streams for wading. There's not a single hill for coasting, and there are hardly any trees to climb. But my grandpa's farm has everything for playing.

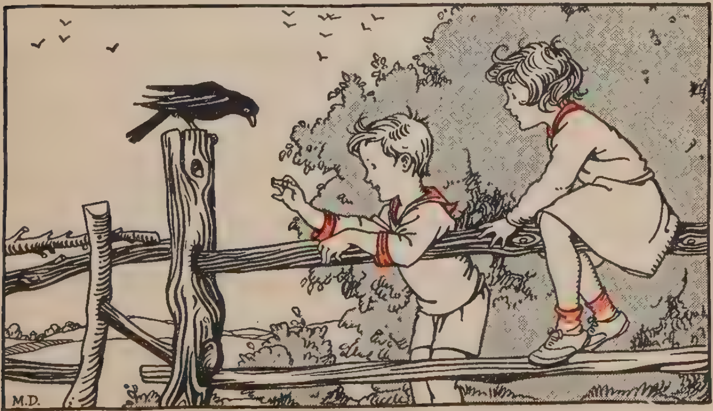
"There's sand enough to make a whole village of Eskimo houses. And when we feel like playing house, there are all the things we need. There are mossy logs for nice soft beds. There are big tree stumps for tables and little ones for chairs. There are pine cones, acorns, and everything to cook with."

"Yes," said Buddy, "and when you feel like pirates, you just steal out on the water and catch the ships and all the men, and bring them back to shore again.

"And when you feel like Indians, there are all the trees and hills to hide behind to do the shooting. Bing! you can make the arrows whiz. And you never need to be afraid of shooting any one that's walking by. There is a real log house, where you can scare and scalp white folks. And you can yell and whoop like Indians, and no one ever says, 'Sh-sh! Keep still. You'll scare the neighbors.' In town you have to be so careful! But grandpa's farm is just the place for all the fun you want.

"And then all the animals! Every place you look there is something flying in the air or singing in the trees or scampering over the meadow. We can't learn the names of half of them, grandpa has so many.

"But there's a crow on grandpa's farm that is going to be my pet. I like him because he is so saucy.



"I shall have to tell you the name of my pet, for you could never guess it. His name is Impy.

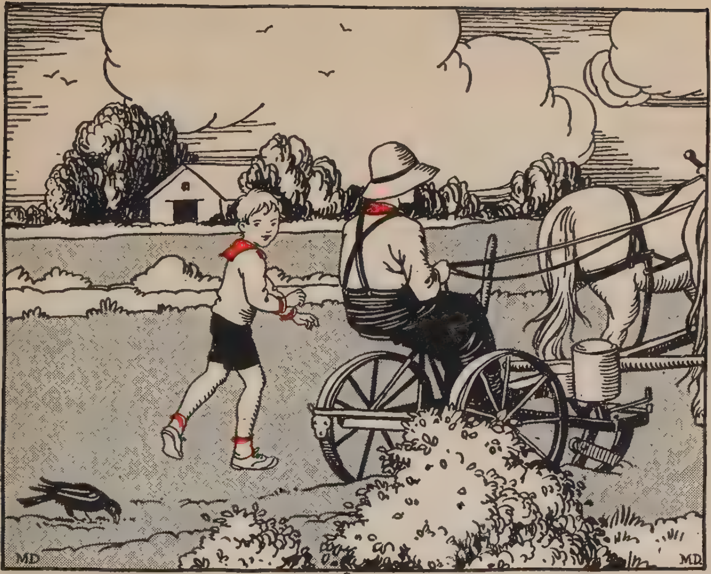
"Once when I thought I had lost him, grandmother looked out of the kitchen window.

"'There,' she said, 'is your little imp of blackness, scaring an owl out of the tree.'

"Right then and there I named him Impy. I think the name just suits him.

"Impy is the bravest pet I have. He isn't afraid of anything. He scolds as he proudly walks about in his shiny black coat. He looks as if he were the boss of everything, and I guess he is, too.

"I like best to take him with me in the field when grandpa plants the corn. He likes to follow behind the planter



and pick up the kernels as they fall on the ground. Grandpa lets him do it, too. He says that crows do more good than harm. They eat cutworms, grubs, and beetles that would destroy more grain than the crows would eat.

"'The crow will take a few hills,' my grandpa said, 'but the grub may take the field.'

"Impy even eats grasshoppers and field mice. And once he had a snake for dinner.

"Impy was hatched from a pretty bluish-green egg with brown markings on it. His home was a very strong little nest that the mother crow had made out of sticks, weed stalks, and corn husks.

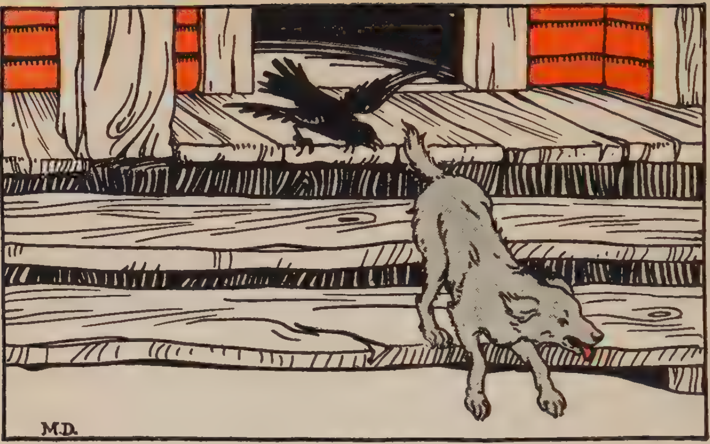
"Last summer Bernice left her corn-husk doll lying in the yard. In the spring the mother crow found it and used the doll to build the nest.

"The first time I saw Impy he was standing on the rim of the nest calling just as loud as he could, 'Caw-caw!' He was hungry, and he wanted father crow to hurry up and come back with a nice fat grub or a beetle.

"Once the gypsy moths were in the

woods, stripping the leaves off the trees. Then father crow took Impy and his four brothers and sisters to the woods for a feast of gypsy moths. Grandpa said he was sure that the crows had saved the woods. So you see my pet is not only a very handsome fellow, but he is a very useful friend.

"Once when my grandpa was a little boy he had a pet crow. I guess he was even smarter than Impy, from what my grandpa has told me."



Grandpa's Pet Crow

"My grandpa's crow could even talk. When grandpa would ask him, 'What's your name?' he would answer, 'Jacob! Jacob!' Whenever a stranger would come into the yard, Jacob would call to grandpa, 'Come out! Come out!'

"Once, when a strange dog came up to the house, Jacob didn't bother to call any one to come out. He just hopped sideways up to the dog and then pecked him on the tail until he drove him out of the yard.

"Although Jacob could not swim he had a lot of fun on the water. In the spring, when the ice broke up and floated down the stream, Jacob had many long rides on the ice. He would perch himself proudly upon a big cake of ice and float down with it.

"Sometimes Jacob would see something to eat on another cake of ice. Then he would hop on the cake to get it. So he would ride on until he came to a narrow bend in the stream. There he'd get off the ice and fly back to where he first got on. And down the stream he would ride again as before!

"Grandpa used to have the best time watching Jacob play like this for hours.

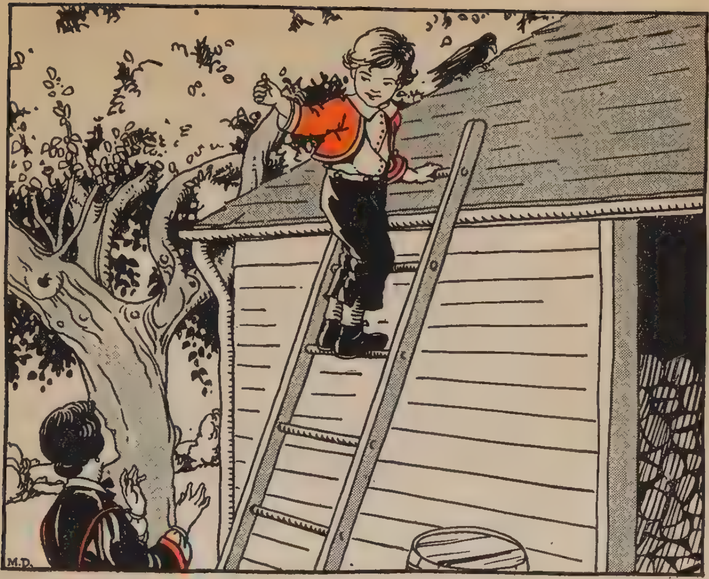
"But Jacob did not always behave

so well as that. He got into all kinds of mischief. Once he picked all the clothespins off the line and dropped the clean clothes on the ground. Then Jacob got a scolding. But he had a hard time learning to be good.

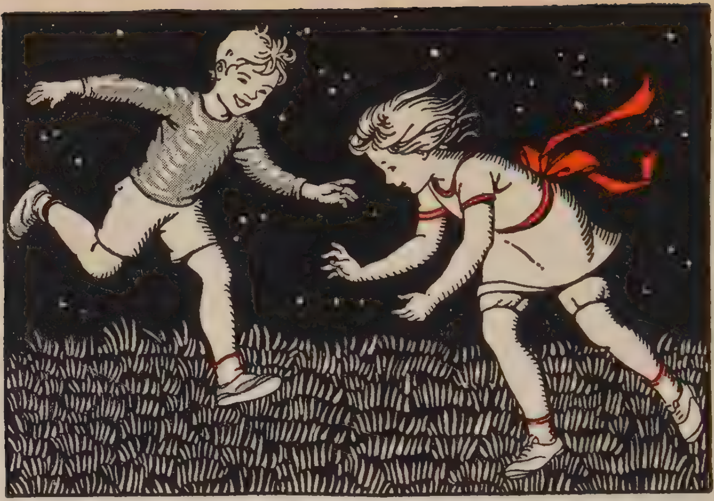
"Another time grandpa's mother thought she had lost her ring and her pretty gold breastpin. She looked the house over for them. Then one day she told grandpa to climb up and look along the eaves of the woodshed.

"'I am beginning to think that Jacob has been in my jewel case,' she said. 'I don't know who else could have taken them.'

"And there, sure enough, in the corner of the eaves were the gold ring and the lovely breastpin. And there were two dimes, three bright new



nickels, a lot of pennies, and a solid silver spoon besides! Jacob had hidden them all away for safe-keeping. And every time, after that, when anything shiny was lost, grandpa had to climb up on the woodshed and look into Jacob's treasure box. And there he always found it!"



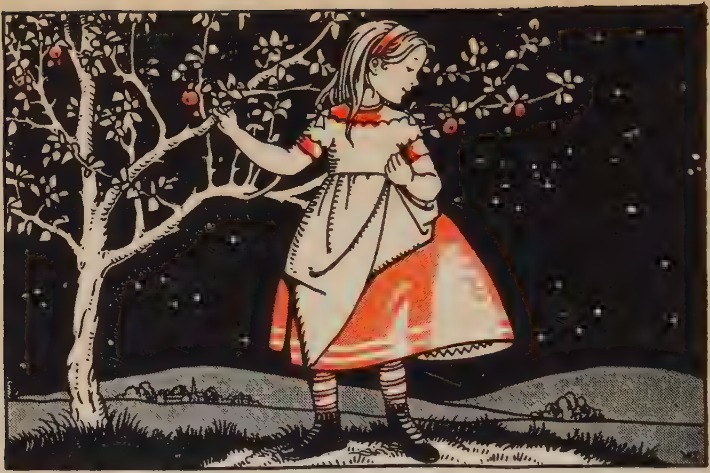
The Little Runaway Stars

"We have had lots of good times on our grandpa's farm," said Bernice, "but I think the most exciting time we had last summer was the night we chased the fireflies. Buddy called for me to come. He said, 'The whole meadow is twinkling with little runaway stars.' And then away we ran! We chased them and tried to catch them, but every time we reached for one of the little lights it went out. On and off, on and off, the little lights kept flashing.

"At first Buddy was afraid even to go near them. He thought they would burn his fingers, but grandma told him not to be afraid. She said they could not burn us.

"'The light we get from burning gas or oil or from electricity is hot and burns. But the firefly's light is cold and cannot burn you. That is one of nature's wonders,' grandmother said.

"But grandfather, who is very careful about the right name for everything, says that these little creatures are not flies at all. Our neighbors call them lightning bugs, but grandpa says they are neither flies nor bugs. They are true beetles.



"When grandmother was a little girl she called them 'little live lanterns.' I think that is about as good a name as the one that Buddy gave them.

"I wish I knew just how the firefly makes his light. My grandpa knows. It seems he knows about everything. Grandpa says it's very interesting to know what makes the light, and he promised to tell us all about it when we are a little bigger."

Making Sentences

Find the missing part for each sentence. Put it in the sentence where it belongs.

1. Impy is the name _______.
2. The crow's egg is bluish-green _______.
3. His coat is _______.
4. He eats cutworms, _______.
5. Crows are _______.
6. They do more good _______.

very clever
shiny and black
of a crow

than harm
grubs, and corn
with brown markings

Do This

Write the name that Buddy gave the fireflies. What did Buddy's grandmother call them? Can you write the name?

Four Baby Woodchucks

There are four new babies on grandpa's farm. Bernice thinks they are the cunningest animals on the whole farm.

But Buddy and Bernice can never get close to them. Woodchucks are so very shy! Every time the children try to get near them daddy or mother woodchuck will give a shrill whistle. Then away the little ones scamper into their home in the ground.

Bernice saw mother and daddy woodchuck one day last October, just before they went into their home in the ground for the winter. How fat and plump they were then! They looked so funny! Their stomachs almost dragged on the ground.

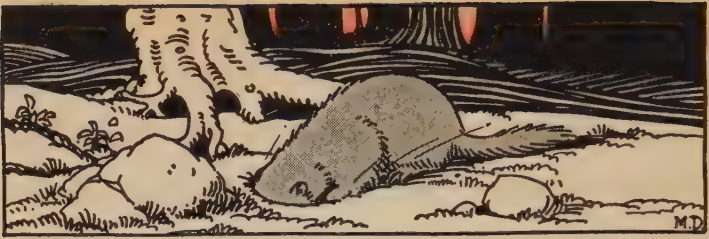
All summer long they had been going to the field for their breakfast and had helped themselves to grandpa's green grass and clover. They visited his garden too, and filled up on peas, beans, and cabbage.

"An old woodchuck will risk his whiskers for a mess of fresh green peas," grandpa told Buddy, with a laugh.

But woodchucks need to eat a lot before they go to sleep for the winter. They may not get another meal till spring. Besides, the food they eat makes fat to keep them warm all winter long.

One day grandpa took the children over to the place where the woodchuck was making his home.

"It's a wonderful sight," grandpa said, "to watch a woodchuck dig his



home under the ground. He digs the tunnel with his fore feet and pushes the dirt out with his hind feet. His sharp claws and partly webbed toes make a good shovel. He keeps his ears pressed down tight while he shovels, so that no dirt can get into them.

"If a rock or a root is in the woodchuck's way he will either go around it, or else he will use his sharp teeth as a pickax and loosen it or cut it away.

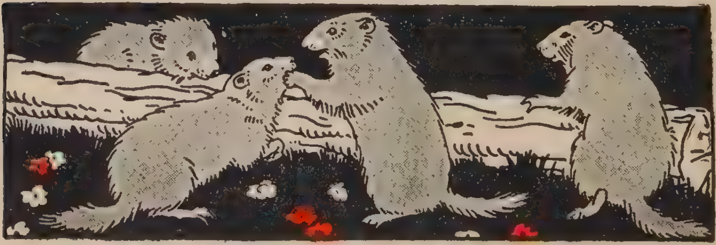
"When the woodchuck has his tunnel long enough, he builds a branch 'road' to the top of the ground and makes the opening under a bunch of grass or a stone. But you will never see a bit of earth here because this is the secret back door to his home. When this is done, the woodchuck hollows out a room big enough for two of them to turn around in. Mrs. Woodchuck then makes a basket of her cheeks and carries in fine grass from the meadow for a soft, warm bed.

"In this warm tunnel bed, late last fall, the woodchucks curled up into balls of fur and fell fast asleep. And it was in this warm bed, early in May, that the baby woodchucks were born. They did not come out of their home at once. But as soon as the weather showed the first signs of staying warm, the woodchucks came out. The babies stumbled along the dark halls of their home until they reached the opening that leads to the great out-of-doors."

"Don't they look cunning in their little brown fur coats?" Buddy asked when he saw them. "They have great fun as they roll and tumble about and chase each other all over the meadow. But they never come close enough for me to pet them."

"Next summer when you come," said grandpa, "I will try to have one all tamed and trained for you. Then you may have a pet woodchuck too."

"Oh, goody-glad!" shouted the children. "Don't forget, Grandpa, will you?"



Making Sentences

Here are the parts of some sentences. Can you put the two parts of each sentence together?

1. The woodchuck has ______.
2. Woodchucks are ______.
3. They eat peas and ______.
4. They sleep all winter ______.
5. They are very fat when ______.
6. The fat helps ______.
7. Baby woodchucks are born ______.
8. They all stay in the nest ______.

under the ground
cabbage
to keep them warm
they go to sleep
a brown fur coat
till warm weather comes
in the spring
very shy

Something to Tell

Which of these lines tell about the country? Which tell about the city?

1. streets and sidewalks
2. many kinds of animals
3. neighbors close by
4. fireflies over the meadow
5. hills to hide behind

Something to Do

1. Make a list of all the things that Jacob hid away.

2. Write all the words that Jacob could say.

New Americans

Papa Tonio Leaves Italy

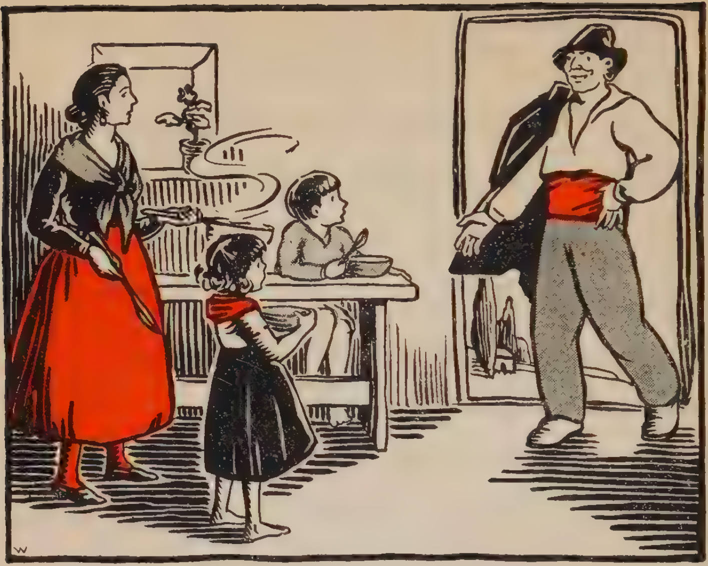
"Mamma! Nicoli! Carlotta! Listen!"

It was Papa Tonio speaking. He stood in the doorway of their tiny home near Naples, Italy. His eyes were flashing, and his earrings were twinkling. He was very much excited. "I am going to America!" he exclaimed.

Mamma dropped the pan of macaroni she was carrying. Nicoli's mouth opened wide in wonder, and Carlotta's big brown eyes filled with tears.

"But—but what—?" Mamma Tonio started to say.

Papa Tonio's white teeth flashed in a quick laugh. "Don't be afraid! I'll send for all of you as soon as I can. It won't be long, for everybody gets



rich in a little while in America. Think of it! Money for the pocket! Schools for the little ones! A chance for all of us in America!"

Papa Tonio kept on telling the wonderful things he had just heard about America. He talked with his elbows, his hands, and his eyes.

"Forever we are poor in Italy!" he

said. "Forever we work here in the garden and peddle green peppers and garlic. Forever we live in one room! Forever the children have to go to bed while you wash their clothes! But in America—!" and Papa Tonio said all the rest with one wide sweep of his hands.

It seemed very lonely to the little family after Papa Tonio had gone on the boat to America. Mamma took his place in the fields, and Nicoli and Carlotta peddled the vegetables in the little cart drawn by Bettina, the goat.

Every day, after they had sold the vegetables, they unhitched Bettina, milked her, and then took her into the house. How could they ever leave Bettina in Italy, they thought. And for that matter, how could they leave their own city of Naples, which they knew so well?

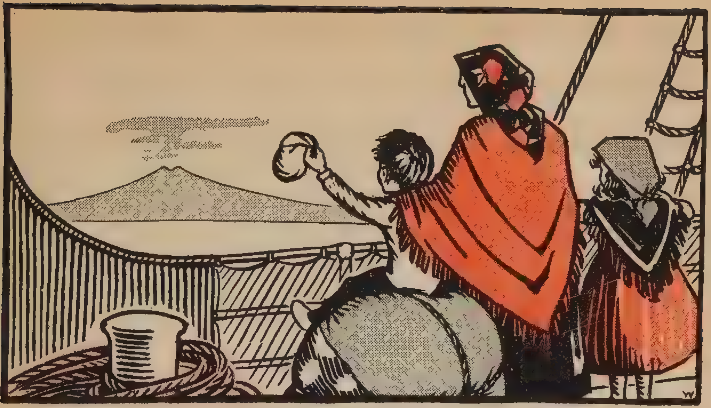
"Will there be olive trees in America like those we have here? Are there any flowers there? What is this 'snow' that Papa wrote about? Is it one kind of American money?" asked the children.

But of course mamma did not know.

The Family joins Papa Tonio

The months dragged along. Mamma Tonio had been able to save only a few paper lira, worth twenty cents apiece. But finally Mamma Tonio sold their little home in Naples. And now they could go to America!

"Good-by mountains! Good-by olive trees! Good-by narrow streets! Good-by fountains! Good-by statues and churches! Good-by dear old smoking



Vesuvius! Good-by! Good-by! We are going to America!" called Nicoli and Carlotta, as the boat started.

Papa Tonio met his family when they got off the ship. He had the same dear flashing smile, but he no longer wore earrings. Men didn't wear earrings in America, he had learned.

And oh! how glad Papa Tonio was to see his family, and how he hugged them, shawls, earrings, beads, bundles, and everything together!

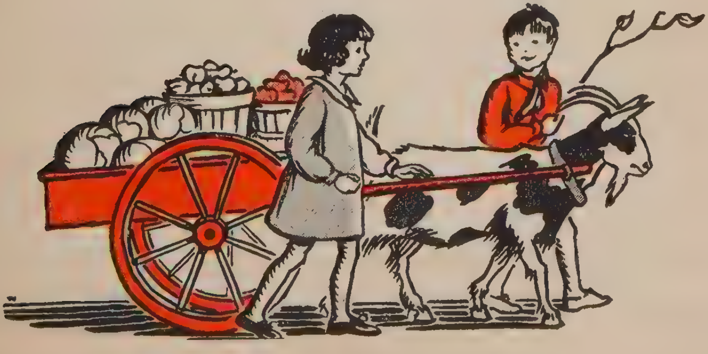
Papa Tonio took them straight to the house where they were to live. It reached up in the air as high as the highest church in Naples. And it was nearly as long as the boat that had brought them across the ocean!

"Oh, Papa!" gasped Mamma Tonio, "such a big house to live in, when I have never had but one room before!" But mamma did not know that it was a house in which many other families lived besides themselves.

Learning to be Americans

Nicoli and Carlotta started to school right away. How quickly their bright brown eyes took in American ways! How easily the small tongues learned to speak the American words! And how papa's and mamma's faces shone with pride when the teachers told them how well the children were doing in school!

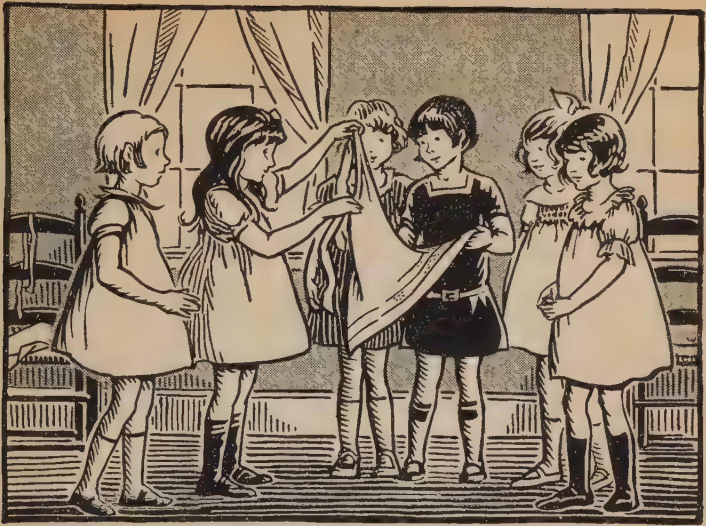
Little by little Papa Tonio saved some money. After they had hoped and saved for months, Papa Tonio at last got work that took them away from the great city. It took them away out to a little town in Iowa, where the air was pure and sweet. Before long they were settled in a little cottage of six rooms. There was a garden and a rosebush, and they bought a goat, which Carlotta promptly named Bettina!



Mamma's garden had garlic and cabbages and peppers and sweet corn, which the children peddled in a cart drawn by the goat. It was just like home, they thought. If they only had some one to play with, thought Nicoli and Carlotta, how happy they would be in America!

One day Dorothy, one of Carlotta's schoolmates, invited her to a birthday party. Carlotta ran home happily with the good news.

On the day of the party, Nellie, Cora, Mabel, Bonnie, and all the other little American girls brought handkerchiefs and other little gifts. They had bought them for Dorothy at the ten-cent store. Dorothy thought they were all lovely. Then Carlotta shyly handed her gift to Dorothy. When it was opened, Dorothy



gave a squeal of delight. It was an apron that Carlotta's mother had made long ago in Italy, and it had never been worn. It had the most wonderful handwork trimming, with stitches as dainty and fine as a spider's web.

"Oh, I think it is the sweetest thing I ever saw in my life!" cried Dorothy, as she gave Carlotta a bear hug.

All the girls praised the beautiful

apron. They knew it was worth much more than the little gifts they had brought.

"Oh," said the girls, as they crowded around Carlotta, "does every one have such beautiful things in Italy?"

Then they made Carlotta tell them about Italy, and about her trip across the ocean. How kind they all were, and how they listened to her! Carlotta's heart felt very warm toward her new American friends. Why, they liked her! she thought. And that was better than having all the money in the world!

What a lot Carlotta had to tell about the party when she got home! The words just tumbled over each other. "And what do you think?" she finished by saying. "They all thought my present was the nicest of all! They thought we must be rich, because I brought such a fine present!"

Papa Tonio nodded his head.

"And we are rich! We have been rich a good while!" he exclaimed with one of his flashing smiles. "A girl like our Carlotta, and a boy like our Nicoli are real riches!

"And wait until they go through the American high school, and maybe even through college! We shall all be real Americans by that time. And then —" Papa Tonio swept his hands wide open. "Then," said he, "nobody in the whole world will be happier than this little family! Eh, Mamma?"

And Mamma Tonio agreed with him.

Do you Remember

1. Why Papa Tonio wanted to go to America?

2. What Nicoli and Carlotta wanted to know about America?

3. What they said as the boat started?

4. What Papa Tonio did when he met them in New York?

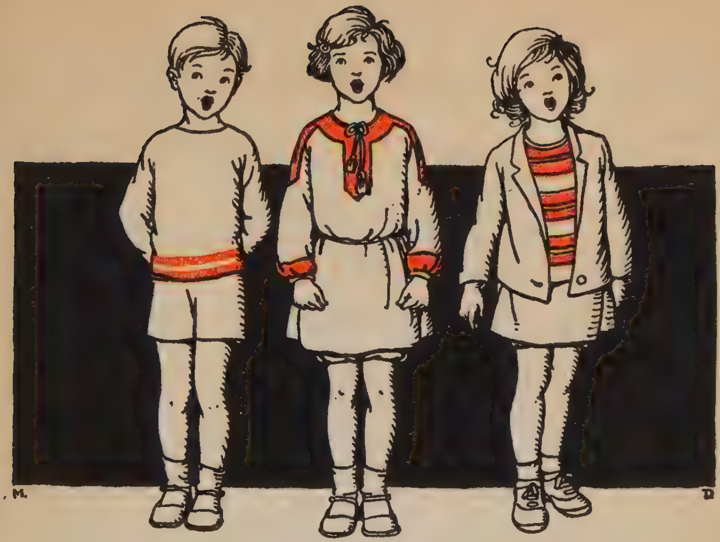
5. How Carlotta made her first friends in America?

6. What Carlotta said when she came home from the party?

7. What Papa Tonio said then?

Can you Do This?

Write the names of all the things to which Nicoli and Carlotta said good-by as the boat started.



America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

Samuel Francis Smith

A Great American Painter

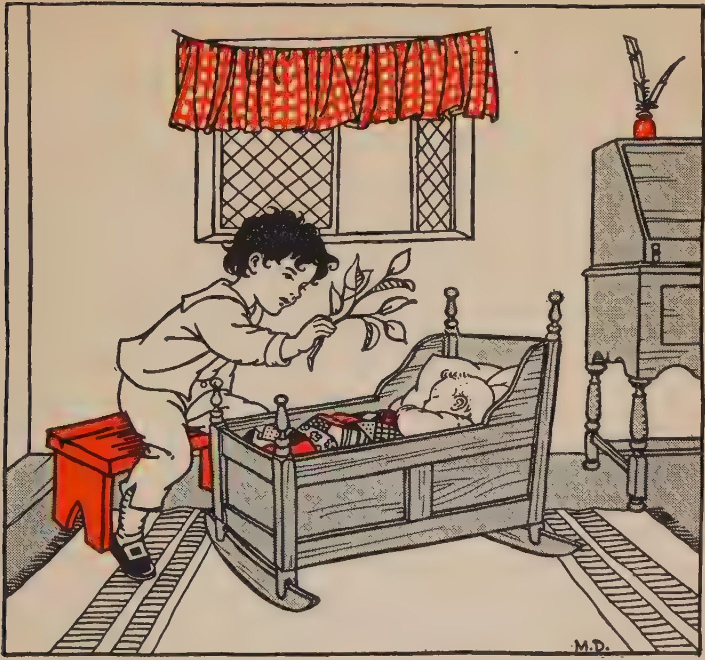
The next story is about a little boy who became a great artist.

You will be surprised to know where he got his first paintbrush. The pussy cat might have told you! But you can find out by reading the story.

The story will tell you

(1) who this little boy was
(2) how he drew his first picture
(3) how he painted pictures without real paints or paintbrushes
(4) what his mother did to help him become a great artist

What else should you like to know about him? See if the story tells you.



Benjamin West

Benjamin's First Picture

It was a summer day long ago in America. Six-year-old Benjamin West was taking care of his sister's baby. He sat by the cradle fanning her. His fan was a leafy branch from the apple tree. He waved it gently to and fro. He was keeping the flies from the sleeping baby's face.

Then the baby smiled! That smile was the most beautiful thing that Benjamin had ever seen. He forgot what he had been left to do. His leafy fan fell to the floor. Benjamin quickly reached for some paper and ink and began to draw the baby's picture. He wanted to keep that smile always.

Little Benjamin hurried to finish the drawing. He did not hear his mother come in.

"What is thee doing, Benjamin?" she asked.

"N-nothing," he said.

"Then what does thee have in thy hand?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said again.

Then Benjamin's mother made him show her what he was hiding. Poor little Benjamin! He was afraid he had done something very wrong.

His father and mother were Quakers, or Friends, as they are called. The Quakers thought it was wrong to own anything that was not useful. Benjamin had never seen a picture in his life! Now he would be punished for drawing one, he thought. He hung his head and waited while his mother looked at his drawing.

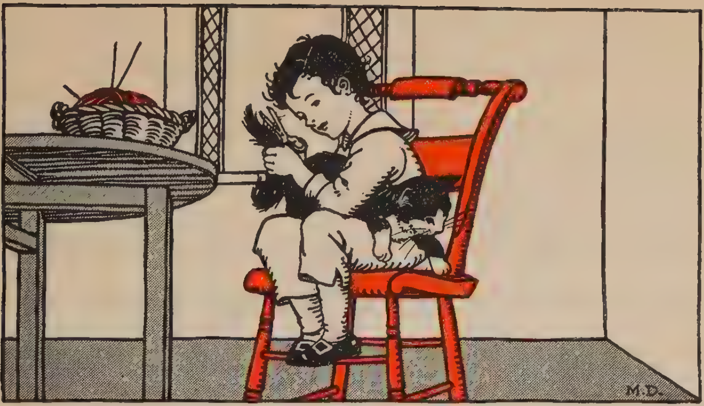
How surprised Benjamin was when his mother said: "Why, it is the likeness of little Sally! Very well done, too!" Then she put her arms around the trembling little boy and kissed him. Benjamin remembered that kiss all his life. It made him want to try again.

After that Benjamin drew other pictures. He drew birds and animals and flowers. But Benjamin wanted to make colored pictures. He had no paints or crayolas such as we now have. But pokeberries have lovely red juice, he thought. Why not use that for paint?

So with pokeberry juice he drew pictures of the whole family. His father knew them all as soon as he saw them!

Then Benjamin wanted to make more pictures. He saw the beautiful colors of the birds and flowers. He saw the bright clouds. If he only had colors he could paint them all! But he did not have paints.

One day some kind Indians gave him some red and yellow paint. They helped



him to mix it. How happy he was! Next he begged his mother for some indigo. This did very nicely for blue.

But Benjamin had no brushes. What about that? He thought and thought. At last he cried, "Oh, I know! I know! Pussycat will never miss a few hairs from her tail! They will be just right for brushes."

So very carefully he cut a little bunch of hair from the cat's tail. He tied it together and made it into a little brush.

Benjamin had been very happy with his home-made paints and brushes. But he was soon to be much happier. A cousin sent him a small box of things for painting.

In the box there were real brushes and oil paints of many colors. There was canvas to paint upon. There were pictures to copy. There was everything to make an eight-year-old artist happy. Then oh, oh, oh, how happy he was!

Benjamin put the paints close to his bed that night. He was half afraid to go to sleep for fear they would leave him in the night.

The next morning after breakfast he hurried off to the attic with his paints. Schooltime came, but Benjamin was too busy for school! After several days Benjamin's teacher came to his home.

"Is Benjamin ill? He has not been to school all week," he said.

"Benjamin is not ill. I supposed he was at school every day," Mrs. West told the teacher.

Then Mrs. West looked for the paint box. It was not in Benjamin's room. "The paint box and Benjamin are together somewhere," she thought. At last she found the boy painting in the attic. He had copied some of the pictures that were sent to him. He was making them into a picture of his own.

Mrs. West saw his work and burst into tears.

"It is perfect!" she cried. "To think that my little Benjamin can paint so well!"

"It will be much better when it is finished," said the boy.

"Oh, do not touch it!" begged his mother. "I fear thee will spoil it. It is perfect as it is."

Then she put her arms about the eight-year-old painter and kissed him. "Thee has made thy mother very happy!" she told him.

America's First Great Artist

After that Benjamin took painting lessons in the city. He was the first American to become a great artist.

Up to this time all artists had painted people as dressed in the clothes of long ago. But Benjamin West painted them in the kind of clothes they really wore. After that other painters changed to Benjamin West's way.

Benjamin West was always glad to help young artists. He never forgot how his mother's kind words had helped him. He said, "It was my mother's kiss that made me a painter."

Choosing the Right Words

Find the right ending at the bottom of the page for each of these sentences:

1. The first picture Benjamin ever drew was the picture of a ______.
2. For his first picture Benjamin's mother gave him a ______.
3. Kitty gave a part of her tail for his ______.
4. Benjamin made his first colors from ______.

Quaker
baby
kiss

painter
pokeberry juice
first paintbrush

The Shepherd Boy who became King

Your next story is about a little shepherd boy. You may know about him.

Perhaps you know some of the psalms that he sang. Maybe you know the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." Many people believe that he was the first one to sing this beautiful psalm.

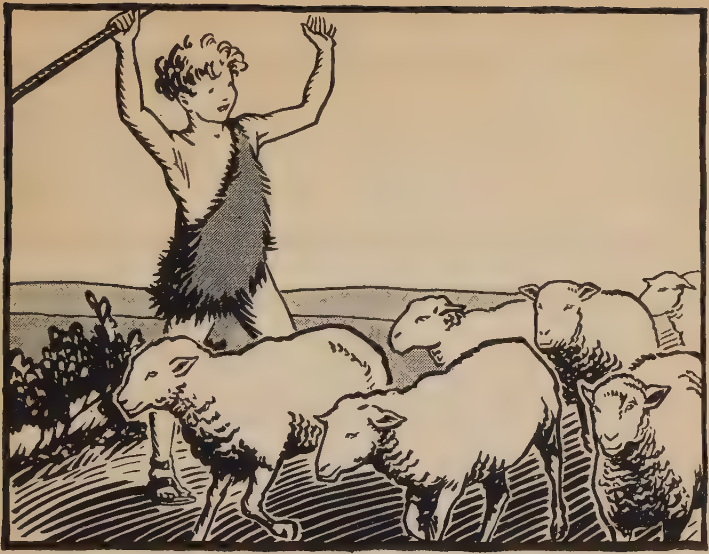
You will want to know

(1) how he played upon his harp as he watched the sheep

(2) how he killed a lion, a bear, and even a giant with his sling shot

(3) how he later became a great and good king

You can find more about the little shepherd boy in the Bible.



David

The Shepherd Boy

"Come, Beauty! Come, White-face! Come, Smut!" called David, the shepherd boy.

"Baa-aa-aa-aa!" answered the sheep, as they trotted out of the fold.

"Baa-aa-aa-aa!" echoed the lambs, as they jumped and frisked about.

Then "Baa-aa-aa-aa!" they all cried together. That was their way of telling their little master that they were glad to follow him.

David marched along like a captain leading his soldiers. Instead of carrying a sword or gun he carried a long, hooked staff. His feet were bare, and his clothes were not like ours, for David was a Hebrew boy.

Jesse, his father, lived in the village of Bethlehem. Jesse had many flocks of sheep, and also a whole flock of children.

David was the baby of the family. They all loved him so much it is a wonder they did not spoil him.

He was a dear little lad, with beautiful eyes. His waving, sunny hair was called "ruddy," which means "red."

David was a strong, manly little

fellow. While he was still small he begged to help his big brothers with the sheep. How proud he was when his father let him care for some sheep by himself! He held himself up very straight, so people would think that he was a man.

David loved the out-of-doors. He learned to throw stones from a sling to hit a mark. He learned to find green grass for the sheep to eat, and a quiet pool where they could drink.

While the sheep rested, David sat looking up at the beautiful hills about him. At night he watched the stars shining in the dark sky. As he thought about all these wonderful things he put his thoughts into songs, or "psalms," as they are called. Then he played them upon his harp as he sang them. And all the time he was careful that no harm should come to the sheep. He knew that his father was trusting him.

David called to be King

Time passed very quickly as David watched his sheep and sang his songs and played upon his harp. Without knowing it, he was getting ready for a great work which God wanted him to do.

When David was about seventeen years old, God told Samuel to go to Bethlehem and call one of Jesse's sons to be the next king. Samuel was the high priest. That is why God sent him. When Samuel gave Jesse the message, Jesse thought that God wanted his oldest son. But God told Samuel, "I do not want him."

Then the next younger son came; then the next, and the next, until seven sons had been refused. Then Samuel asked Jesse, "Have you any more sons?"

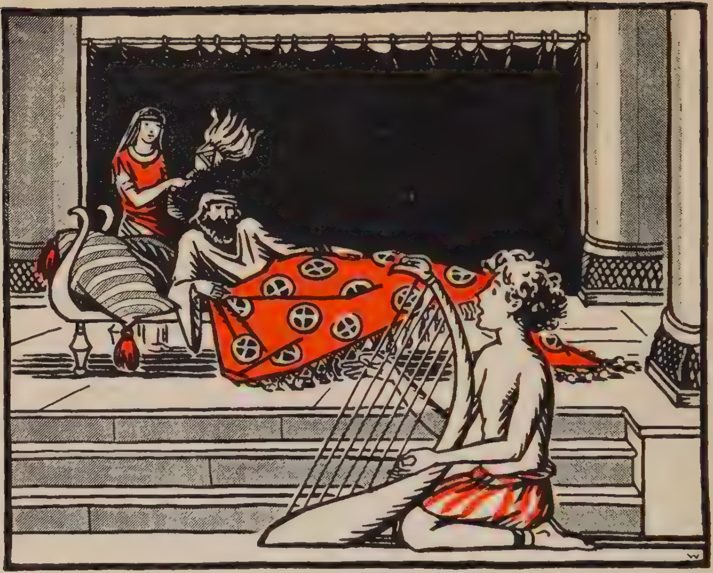
Jesse told him: "Just one, the youngest. But he is only a shepherd boy."

"Send for him," said Samuel.

So some one went to call David. As he came into the room David's cheeks were flushed, and he looked very beautiful. At once the Lord told Samuel, "This young boy is the one I have chosen for king."

Then Samuel poured oil from a horn upon David's head and so anointed him. David's big brothers were half ashamed, yet half glad, that their little brother was to have so great an honor.

Soon after this Saul, who was the



king, became very sick. His servants said to him: "Let us send for David, the sweet singer, to come and play upon his harp. His music will make you well." King Saul gave the order, and when David came, Saul at once loved him. Perhaps David sang, "O rest in the Lord." The music helped King Saul, and he was soon well again.

David then went back to his flock. He did not have much time now for music, for the wild beasts were after the sheep. One day a strong lion started to carry off a little lamb. Another time a big bear came. David killed them both with the sling shot.

David was now not only beautiful and good but wise and strong as well. He tended his flock and watched for wild beasts. Whenever he had time he played upon his harp and sang the songs he wrote about God and the wonders of the world.

David becomes King

War broke out between the Hebrews and a strong people named Philistines. David's three oldest brothers went away to fight.

The leader of the Philistines was a giant named Goliath. This big fellow dared the Hebrews to choose one of their men to fight him alone. He said: "If he kills me, we will be your servants. If I kill him, you shall serve me." No wonder the Hebrews were all afraid to fight him, for Goliath was over nine feet tall!

One day Jesse sent David to take some food to his brothers in the camp. When David got there he heard about Goliath's dare. Then David said that he would fight the giant. Of course they thought he was too young, and his oldest brother asked him, "Didn't you run away from home to see this battle?"

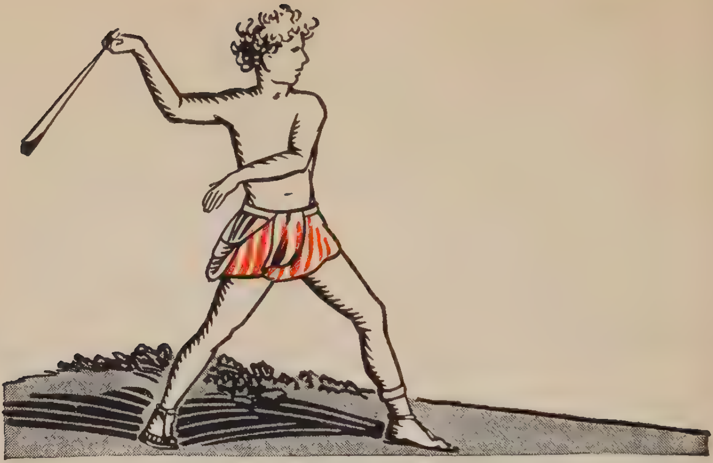
King Saul also stood in David's way. He said: "You are only a boy. You are not big enough to fight this giant."

David replied: "But I killed both a lion and a bear as I watched my father's sheep. And I will kill this giant, just as I killed the lion and the bear."

Then Saul put his own steel coat on David, and his brass helmet on David's head, for he knew that Goliath was dressed in heavy brass armor from his head to his heels.

But David was not used to wearing such heavy things. They bothered him, so he thanked the king and gave them back. Then he took his shepherd's sling and picked up five smooth stones from the brook. He was ready to meet Goliath.

When Goliath saw only a boy coming to meet him he threw back his head and laughed, "Ho! ho! ho!"



As Goliath raised his head to laugh, his helmet did not cover his forehead. Quick as a wink David whirled his sling over his own head. Whir-r-r-r! went the stone through the air. It struck Goliath right on the forehead. Down went the giant! But he was still alive. David leaped forward and picked up Goliath's sword. With all his might he brought it down on the giant's neck. Goliath was dead! His soldiers ran away when their leader fell. The brave shepherd boy had won the battle! Later the Philistines came back to fight again, and Saul and his sons were all killed.

Then the people made David king and anointed him again, just as Samuel had done years before. So at last the shepherd boy became the Hebrews' greatest king. He always tried to do right. But whenever he did wrong, he was always sorry. This is why he was called "a man after God's own heart."

Many people still sing the words of David's sweet songs. As they sing them they like to think of the brave little shepherd lad alone under the starry sky. They think how sweetly he might have sung "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

The Girl who Painted her Pets

Do you remember the story about the little Quaker boy who became a great painter?

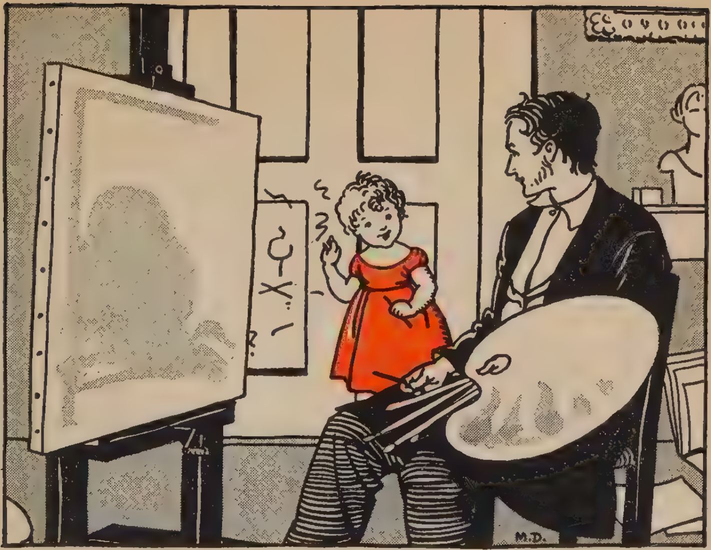
Our next story is a true story about a little girl who became a great painter.

What do you think she liked best to do at school? Do you think she played the same games you like to play?

You will, of course, want to know

(1) her name
(2) what she did in school
(3) if she had any pets or playmates
(4) what kind of pictures she painted

Think of all the things you want to know about her. Then read the story to see if it tells you these things.



Rosa Bonheur

Trying to Draw

"See, Papa, see! Me make pictures!" cried little Rosalie Bonheur. Rosalie's father was a busy artist. But he was never too busy when Rosa needed him. So he stopped his work and looked down at the funny marks she had made on the door. Some were round O's.

Some were wiggly lines, and some had no shape at all! But Rosalie's father did not laugh at the funny marks. No indeed!

"They are nice pictures, little one," he said. "Tell me about them."

"Rabbit, Papa!" said Rosa, pointing at some of the marks. "Squirrel, Papa! See tail?"

"Sure enough!" said Papa Bonheur.

"Now me make doggy and kitty," cried the small artist.

"That will be fine, my daughter. But do not let them fight each other," warned her father, as he turned back to his own drawing.

By the time Rosalie was four years old she could draw very well. When she was not drawing she was out of doors playing with her pets. She was a happy, busy child. Her quick, wide-open eyes saw everything.

Drawing the Cows

One day Rosalie was not to be found when it was lunch time.

"Where can the child be?" asked the mother.

"Don't worry!" said Papa Bonheur. "I saw her go out with some drawing paper and crayons. She will be back soon."

"What can I expect of a family of artists?" cried the mother. Just the same she set a dish of stew in the oven to keep hot for the little girl.

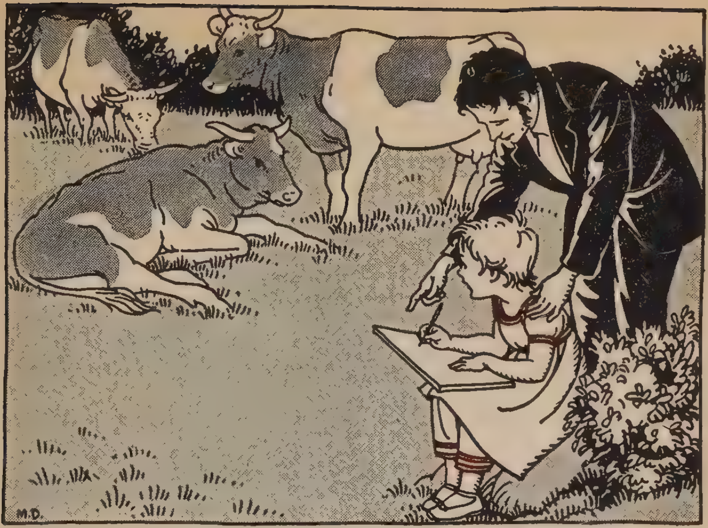
The hours passed, and it was nearly sundown. Papa Bonheur put away his work and set out to find Rosa. He tried several paths, but did not find her.

He looked away off into the shadows beyond the path. It ought to be easy to see her in her little pink frock! Was that a step? No, only a squirrel scampering out of sight.

Papa Bonheur followed the path on through the wood. It led to an open pasture where some cows were feeding. And there, perched on a big stone, was little Rosa! There was his own little girl drawing the cows! Papa Bonheur laughed softly.

"I must not frighten her," he thought. So he poked the bushes with a stick before he spoke. Then Rosa looked up and saw him. Her face was beaming.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried eagerly, "look at my picture of the cows. I have been trying and trying, and I've got one leg all wrong. Please show me what to do!"



"I am thinking more about the *two* legs that took you so far from home," he said. "We could not find you at noon, and now it is sundown."

Rosa's bright eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry, Papa," she said. "I forgot about the time. I wanted to finish this drawing while the cows were like this."

Kind Papa Bonheur begged Rosa not to go so far again without telling him where she was going. Then he sat down beside the child and helped her with her picture before they walked home together.

Going to Paris

Soon after this Papa Bonheur went to Paris to paint. There were four children now, so he must earn more to take care of them. Rosa could not write to him, but she often sent him a picture of a horse or a man. She even sent him the first tooth that she lost! The little gifts were very sweet to the lonely father. As soon as he could, he sent for the little family to join him.

Rosa was six years old when they moved to Paris. They had no sunny garden to play in. Worst of all, their home was up six flights of stairs!

On pleasant Sundays Papa Bonheur took the children to the woods. How they raced and ran! What fun to pick wild flowers and to throw pebbles into the pond! How wonderful to see the deer and the squirrels and the birds and oh! everything out of doors! "Why are there not more Sundays?" they asked.

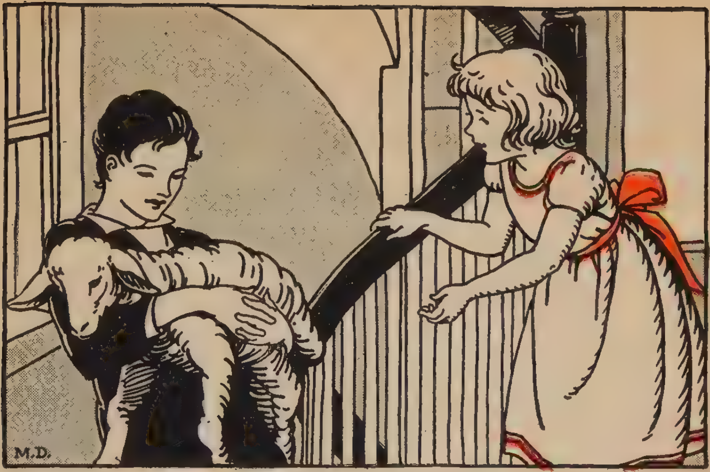
Rosa had a hard time in school. She drew pictures in her books instead of studying. And what a hard time she had when she tried to sew! Her father made her stay in school for a while. He hoped that Rosa would learn to like something besides drawing. But Rosa was so unhappy in school that it made her ill. Then her father let her come home.

Trying to Paint

Now Rosa frolicked about gaily with the younger children while her father was away. What great fun they had playing in the studio! But when Papa Bonheur was at home Rosa was with him. She tried to copy all he did.

Once she planned a surprise for him. On the table were some cherries for her lunch. "I'll paint them first and then I'll eat them," she thought.

She mixed some paint so that it was just the color of the cherries. Next she got a square of canvas to paint on. Then with a tiny brush she began to paint. Before you would believe it, there was a picture of the cherries. They looked so real they would make your mouth water. Rosa was lost in



the joy of her work. She did not hear her father come in. Then he spoke over her shoulder: "Very good, little daughter. Tomorrow you may begin to do some real work."

After that Papa Bonheur gave Rosa painting lessons. How happy she was! She filled the studio with pets to paint. Some one gave her a sheep. Her brother dragged it up the six flights of stairs to the studio. Rosa painted the sheep, and then her brother dragged it downstairs again for a nibble of grass. Some of Rosa's other pets were rabbits, quails, ducks, and a monkey.

Painting Real Pictures

When Rosa was nineteen years old she sent two pictures to a place where paintings were shown in public. The two pictures were called "Goats and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits." The pictures were so real that people stopped and smiled as if they expected to hear the sheep say "Ba-a-a-a-a-a!" No wonder every one was pleased. And no wonder the papers printed such kind things about the young artist's work.

The next year Rosa sent three more pictures, which people liked very much. These pictures are called "Animals in a Pasture," "Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "Horses for Sale." Two years later she sent twelve paintings. How glad Rosa's father was now that he had not made his little girl try to sew, when she could paint so well!

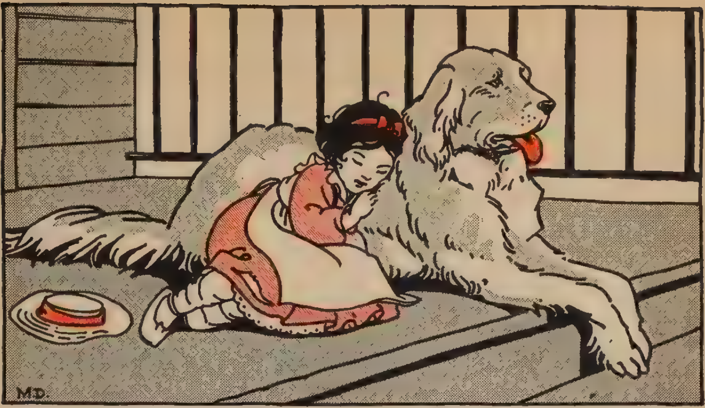
Her finest picture is called "The Horse Fair." It is so big that Miss Bonheur had to stand on a stepladder to reach the upper part of it. It sold for eight thousand dollars. "The Horse Fair" was so well liked that the empress came to the studio and pinned a medal on Miss Bonheur.

Busy and happy, Rosa Bonheur lived among her pets until she was over seventy years old. The one thing that she loved to do, she learned to do well, and her name and her work are known the whole world over.

The Girl who wrote True Stories

On a friendly doorstep in Boston lay a little runaway girl, fast asleep. Her hair was tangled, and her face was dirty. Her pink dress was torn. Her new green shoes were scratched and dusty.

For hours the little runaway girl had been having a wonderful time playing in the ash heaps with some ragged little children. The children had given her cold fish and potatoes to eat, and she thought it all great fun. But when night came she started home and lost her way. She walked and walked, but it was all very strange. At last she sat down on the doorstep because a friendly dog wagged his tail at her. She patted the dog's head, and very



soon the tired little girl was asleep, with the friendly dog for a pillow.

After a while the town crier came along the street ringing a bell. He had been sent to find the little girl. He called out: "CHILD LOST! LITTLE GIRL SIX YEARS OLD! WEARS PINK DRESS, WHITE HAT, AND NEW GREEN SHOES!"

The little sleeper woke up. "Here I am!" she called out joyfully.

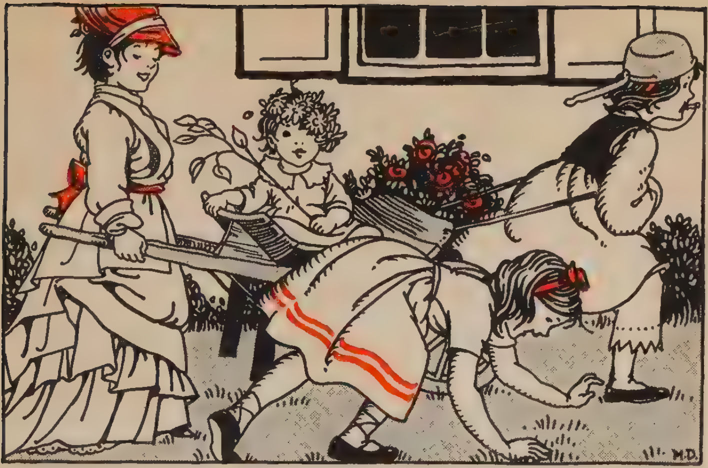
The man carried her to his home for supper. He gave her bread and sirup on a tin plate with the "A, B, C's" on it. Then he took her home, and the jolly day of fun was ended.

But the next day was not so much fun. The little girl was tied to the arm of the sofa, like a naughty puppy.

The little runaway girl was Louisa May Alcott. Her father was a teacher, and his own little daughters, Anna, Louisa, Elizabeth, and May, were among his pupils. How all the children loved him!

The Alcotts were poor, but the children were always happy. They had great fun dressing up in the fine old dresses of some grown person and imagining they were fairies, or princesses, or anything they wished!

One day they acted out a play that Louisa had made up. A neighbor boy



played the part of a terrible dragon. Anna was a fine lady, and Louisa was the brave knight who saved her. After the grand ending they formed into a parade to go in to supper. May rode in the wheelbarrow with a daisy crown on her head. Louisa was hitched to the wheelbarrow, like a horse. Elizabeth ran on all fours, barking like a dog. The boy in the dragon suit growled. Another boy beat a drum.

As the parade came wildly around the corner of the house, some visitors were leaving. They knew that Mr. Alcott was his own children's teacher. "We think your children are wonderful," one of them said.

"I should like so much to see them," said the other visitor. Just then the wild parade came in sight. It stopped short when the children saw the strangers. Louisa's foot tripped, and as she fell, the wheelbarrow upset. May was spilled out, and the others were all knocked over. How they screamed and laughed at the funny ending of their parade! Mrs. Alcott pointed at them, saying laughingly, "These are the wonderful children!"

The days were not long enough for the children's play and make-believe.

Even after they were tucked into bed at night, Louisa made up exciting tales. Sometimes these stories were so wild that Louisa herself was frightened. Her sisters pulled the covers over their heads and begged her to stop. "I know I shall not sleep a wink!" one of them said.

"All right," replied Louisa, with her teeth chattering, "I can't think of any more tonight, anyhow."

It was not long before Louisa began to write out her stories. When she was eight years old she wrote a poem of eight lines about a robin. Later she wrote a longer poem called "My Kingdom." When she was sixteen she wrote "Flower Fables" for a sick girl. Three years later she was paid five dollars for a story. Louisa felt as if she was acting in one of her fairy tales when she saw her name in print above the story she had written. It seemed too wonderful to be true.

Louisa Alcott was now teaching school, but she spent all her spare time writing stories. She worked in the attic with a plate of apples near her, writing, writing, writing.

That was all a long time ago. Now I want to tell you about a little girl who was born ten years after Louisa May Alcott died.

"Mamma," she said coaxingly, "do you know what I want for Christmas? I don't want a single thing but another one of Louisa May Alcott's books!"

"Why! my dear, you already have 'Little Women' and 'Little Men' and 'Jo's Boys,'" her mother told her.

"Isn't that enough?" Mother was just pretending, for she had loved them all herself when she was a child.

"Oh, no, Mamma," cried Frances, eagerly, "that's not half enough! There's 'Eight Cousins' and 'Rose in Bloom' and 'An Old-Fashioned Girl' and a lot more. I'd like to have every single one of them. They are the nicest stories in the whole world!"

Her mother smiled. "Many mothers and fathers think so too," she said. "Miss Alcott's works are sweet, true stories of her own life when she was a girl. They will be just as fresh and interesting when you are grown up and your little girl reads them."

Frances's face beamed. She leaned her cheek against her mother's. Then she said eagerly, "If you will buy them all for me, I will take good care of them and save them for my little girl."

"I'll do it!" laughed her mother.

Do This

1. Tell some of the things that Louisa did to have a good time.

2. Write the names of some of the books which she wrote.

A Good Test

Do you know these words? Can you put each word in the sentence where it belongs?

bought
brought
although
could
rather
together

1. The Alcotts were happy ______ they were poor.

2. William Tell said he would ______ die than shoot at the apple on his son's head.

3. Rosa Bonheur ______ draw pictures when she was a baby.

4. Mr. Barnum ______ Jumbo to America.

5. He ______ Jumbo for $10,000.

6. Black Hawk and his little son walked ______ into the wigwam.

The Swedish Song Bird

This story is about a girl who sang as beautifully as a bird. Your grandmother and grandfather may have heard her sing.

Can you find out these things from the story?

1. Her name.
2. Where her home was.
3. If she had any pets or playmates.
4. How old she was when she sang her first song.
5. How even kings and queens showed her how much they liked her singing.

Tell which part of the story you liked best.

Jenny Lind

The Baby Singer

"Johanna Maria" was the very grand name the Linds gave to their new baby. But the Linds were so poor that they had to send the baby to live with some people in the country. These kind people dropped the grand name and called the baby "Jenny."

Jenny loved the country. She loved the birds and wild flowers. She loved to sing, too. She could sing the tunes of several songs before she was two years old!

Jenny was three years old when her mother brought her home for a while. Her home was a big city in Sweden. Here everything was strange and noisy. Jenny could not hear the birds singing, and there were no wild flowers to pick in a big city!

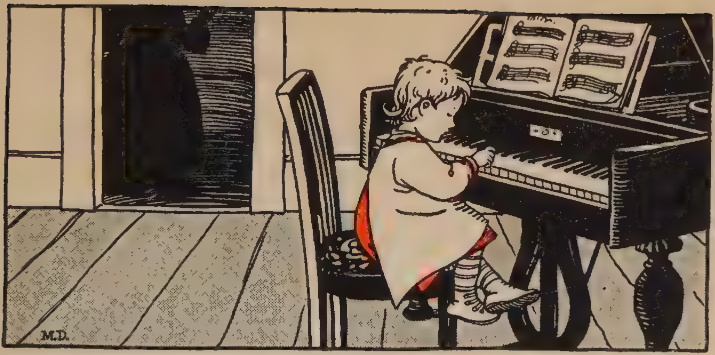
Jenny was alone a great deal. Her sister, Amelia, was at school and her mother was away teaching. Sometimes her grandmother, who lived close by, came in when the others were away.

Jenny saw the soldiers with their band passing the house every day.

"Tee-doo! Dee-dee-doo! Dee-dee-dooooo!" sang the bugles, gayly.

"Ta-----r-r-r-r-rum!" sounded the drums.

Jenny could remember how they sounded long after they had passed.



One day she climbed up to the piano, humming the tune the bugle had played. With one finger she found the right notes and played the tune.

Just then her grandmother called: "Amelia! Amelia! Is that you practicing? I thought you had gone to school."

How frightened little Jenny was! She had been told never to touch the piano. What should she do? Quickly she slipped off the stool and hid under the big piano.

Grandmother came into the room and spied the child at once.

"Why, Jenny! Was that you playing the piano?" she asked.

Jenny burst into tears as her grandmother pulled her from her hiding place.

"Come, tell me, baby, was that really you playing so nicely?" her grandmother asked again.

Little Jenny choked back her sobs. She had not meant to be naughty, she said. She only wanted to see if she could play the tune that the bugles played.

"So! So!" said her grandmother, proudly. "And so well you played it too! Every note right! I thought it was that naughty Amelia staying home from school. Or maybe a fairy had flown in at the window to play the piano!"

Jenny was laughing now through her tears. Grandmother was not angry, but was pleased with her!

Jenny Lind Growing Up

Mrs. Lind was still too poor to keep Jenny at home, so Jenny was sent to live with her grandmother.

Jenny's only playmate was the kitten some one gave her. What pains she took tying his blue ribbon bow, so that it would look stylish! When that was done she would sit by the window and sing the kitten to sleep. People in the street listened to the fair-haired child with dove-blue eyes, singing to her cat.

Mrs. Lind was advised to have Jenny's voice trained.

"But I have no money for lessons," she replied.

Then she was told about a school where Jenny might have free training. It was in the King's Theatre. A kind old singing teacher, who had heard Jenny sing, said: "That is the place for her! I will take you to see the manager."

The manager hardly looked up from his desk when Jenny was taken to him.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"Nine years old," Mrs. Lind told him.

"Nine!" he said crossly. "This is no nursery! This is the King's Theatre! You are wasting time here."

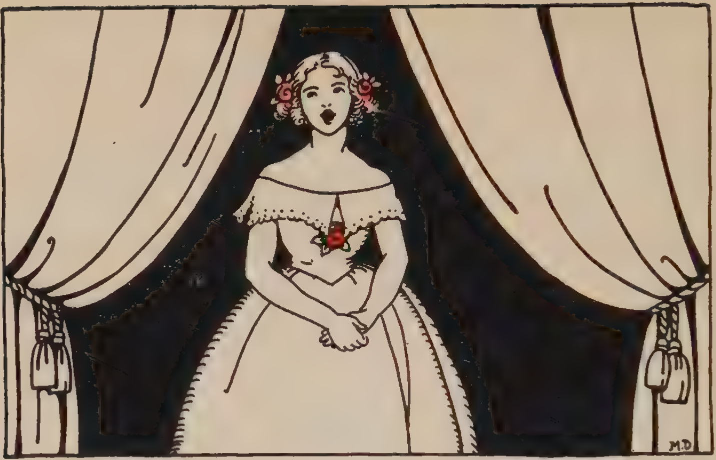
"Very well," the old teacher said. "I will teach her myself, without pay! But remember, you refused her! Some day you will be sorry that you did it."

"Well then, let her sing," grumbled the manager.

All this time little Jenny was trembling with fear. The manager looked so cross she felt like hiding under the piano again. She was pale and thin and not a pretty child. Her black dress was shabby, and her shoes were too big for her.

But the instant Jenny began to sing her fear was gone. And her face always looked lovely when she was singing. Her voice rose sweet and pure. As the song ended the manager cried: "Yes! Yes! I will teach her! This little girl was born to sing! Some day the whole world will be proud of her! Ah! I could weep for the joy of it!"

So it was decided that Jenny was to be taught singing and many other studies. Her clothes, her board, and her lessons would all be paid for.



Jenny Lind Grown Up

Jenny was kept very busy with her singing lessons and her other studies. When she was seventeen years old, a great concert was given by the pupils of the school. Jenny had to sing a song that no one else wanted. How frightened she was when it came time for her to sing it. Jenny had worked too hard, and had almost lost her voice.

But now she was surprised to hear

how beautiful and clear it sounded. Bird-like notes, high and sweet! Jenny was so happy her face looked as beautiful as an angel's.

The people hardly breathed while she sang. When the song was ended, they stood up and called out, "Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind!"

Jenny had to come before the curtain and bow and bow and bow!

This was a great moment after so much hard work. Lovely gifts were sent to Jenny. She was asked to come and sing in other cities.

Jenny was soon earning a great deal of money. But she did not keep it all. First she paid back what she owed to the King's Theatre. Then she bought a home for her parents. After that she gave away much money to the poor.

Once after she had given a special concert to help poor children she said, "Oh, I am glad that I can sing so!"

Jenny Lind did not stay in her own country of Sweden, but went to other countries to sing. She sang in Denmark, Germany, England, and America, before great crowds. She sang before kings and queens. How every one loved her! She was given beautiful gifts and she was praised by every one.

But Jenny was never spoiled by praise, nor by the money that she earned. She was always modest and sweet, and her singing made people better and happier. And because her voice was like the song of the nightingale, which is the sweetest singer of all the birds, Jenny Lind was called "The Swedish Nightingale."

Finding the Answers

1. About how old was Jenny Lind when she hummed the tune that the bugles played?

2. In what countries did she sing?

3. How did the people show her how much they liked her singing?

4. What did she do with the money that she earned?

5. What did people call her?

Do This

Read each name and tell whom it makes you think of.

"The Horse Fair"
"Little Men" and "Little Women"
"The Swedish Nightingale"
America's First Painter

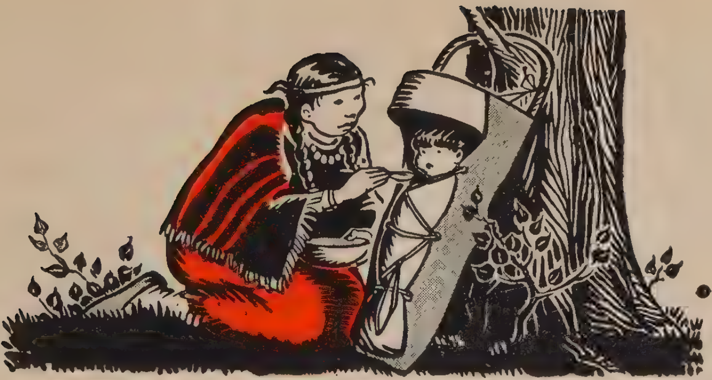
The Song of Hiawatha

Long before the first white man came to America, there were Indians living here. Many interesting stories have been told about them.

Mr. Longfellow liked the stories about the Indian hero Hiawatha so well that he made them into a poem. He called his poem "The Song of Hiawatha."

You will like some parts of "The Song of Hiawatha" so well that you will want to learn them by heart.

In the next story you will find some of the lines. Read them over once. Then see if you can say any of them without looking at the page. Can you feel their music as you say them out loud?



Hiawatha

Hiawatha was the son of West Wind. He was supposed to have been sent to the Indians to be their leader. He was to show them the way through the forests and over the rivers, and to teach them many things to help them.

When Hiawatha was a baby he lived with his good old wrinkled grandmother, Nokomis. Nokomis made a cradle for baby Hiawatha. It was made of linden wood with a bed of soft mosses inside. How proud she was of the strong, bright-eyed baby! She called him her "little owlet."

At night Nokomis put Hiawatha into his little cradle, and here is the lullaby she sang as she rocked him to sleep:

"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

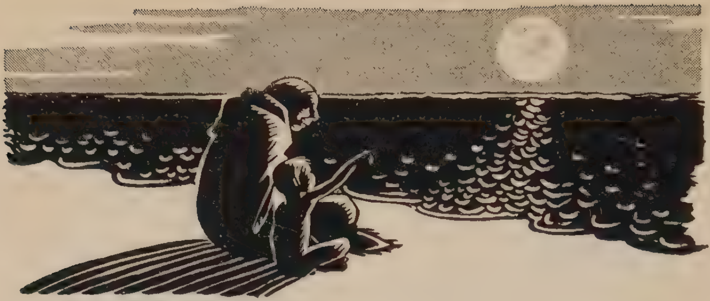
Nokomis and little Hiawatha lived happily together in their wigwam. In front of them was Gitche Gumee, the shining Big-Sea-Water. Behind them stood the tall pine forests. There were many wonderful things to learn about them. Nokomis taught them all to Hiawatha, one by one, in answer to his questions.

On summer evenings little Hiawatha sat at the door of his wigwam. There he could hear the laughing of the Big-Sea-Water and the whispering of the pine trees. There he watched the fire-flies, as he sang to them the song Nokomis taught him:

"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

When Hiawatha asked Nokomis what made the shadows on the moon, good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;



Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Hiawatha's grandmother taught him about all the birds and all the animals that live in the forest. He learned their names and secrets and played with them beside the wigwam.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

And so Hiawatha kept on learning, and growing bigger and stronger each day, until he became a man. Then the Indians made him their leader, for he was stronger and wiser than any one else. Hiawatha helped them in all their troubles, as a good friend would do.

Tell This

Who was the "little owlet"?

Do you Remember

1. Who Nokomis was?

2. The lullaby that she sang to little Hiawatha?

3. How Hiawatha spent his summer evenings?

4. What he called the fireflies?

5. What Hiawatha called the birds?

6. What he called the animals?

Do This

Draw a picture of "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Draw a picture of "Hiawatha's Brothers."

A True Indian Story

Have you ever been afraid of the dark?

Perhaps you have heard of Black Hawk, the great Indian chief. Many white people, who lived a hundred years ago, knew Black Hawk very well.

Black Hawk had a little son who was afraid of the dark. That would never do. So the little lad had to conquer his fear. That means he had to get over being afraid. Black Hawk and some other Indian chiefs helped him to do it.

The next story tells you how they did it. See if you think it was a hard lesson.

The name of the story is "The Boy who Conquered Himself."

The Boy who Conquered Himself[1]

One day Black Hawk took his little son to the bank of the river and said, "Tell me what you see."

"Oh, Father," said the boy, "I see myself."

"Good," said Black Hawk, "but how much of yourself do you see?"

"I see my eyes," said the boy, "I see my ears, I see my mouth."

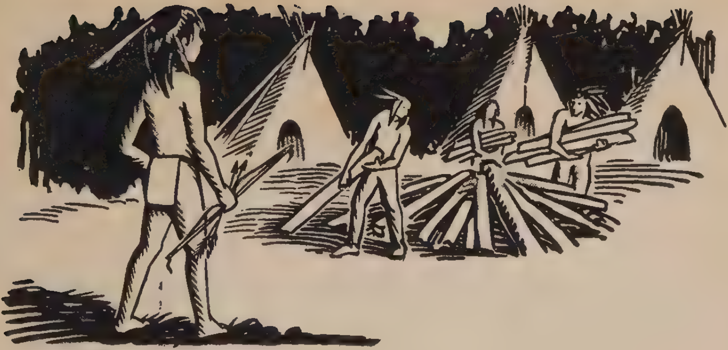
"Yes," said his father, "and remember that an Indian boy always sees with his eyes and hears with his ears before he ever speaks with his mouth."

And in this way he taught the little boy from day to day.

Once when the Indian boy was about

---

[1] From "Rules of Life for Boys and Girls," by Marion Colman. Reprinted by permission of *The King's Builders.*



ten years old, many chiefs came to visit his father. Great logs were piled up, and the boy knew that there would be a great time that night. He wanted to watch, but his mother called to him, "It is your bedtime, my son."

Because he was an Indian boy he knew he must obey, so off to the wigwam he went. He lifted the flap of the wigwam and thought, "Perhaps if I draw my buffalo robe close to the flap of the tent and leave the flap open I can hear what they say."

The Indians around the fire were telling stories. One told of a boy just ten years old who showed great bravery when he was in a cave alone with a big, black bear. The next one told of a boy just ten years old who was so brave that he fought to save a little child. On and on went the stories.

The little Indian boy slipped from his tepee and came up close so that he might hear more.

The biggest of the big chiefs in the circle turned and saw him. Picking up a pail from the grass, the chief passed it to the boy, saying, "Go to the spring and bring a pailful of water."

"Go to the spring!" thought the boy. Why! the spring was a half-mile away through the thickest of the forest. He had never been in the forest alone after dark. He looked around the circle at his father. But his father's feet were crossed, his father's head was bent, and his father's eyes were on the ground. His father must mean for him to go! Taking the pail, the boy started off. But at almost every step he turned to look back at the fire. If he could only take some of it with him to frighten the wild animals!

A wolf howled in the distance. The Indian boy started to run, but he fell over a stump. Picking himself up, he ran bump into a tree. A great lump came out on his forehead, but it was not half so big as the lump in his throat. He seemed to be choking.

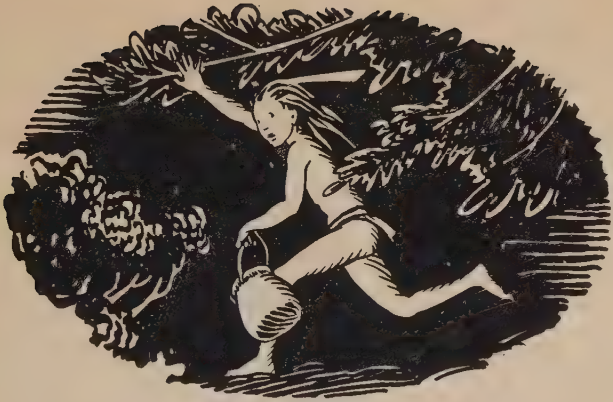
At last he reached the spring and filled the pail. There were strange sounds all around him. Something hit him in the face, and he spilled almost all the water. It had been only a bat. When the boy reached the circle of waiting Indians he was out of breath.

With trembling hands he passed the pail of water to the biggest chief. But the chief looked at the water and grunted "Ugh!" Then he passed it to the next chief. He too looked at the water and grunted "Ugh!"

The pail was passed all around the circle. Then the big Indian chief turned it upside down and spilled all the water out upon the grass.

"Try again," he said, "and do not hurry."

Again? How could he? He could never be brave like those other ten-year-old boys! But he knew he must, so, taking the pail, he stumbled away.



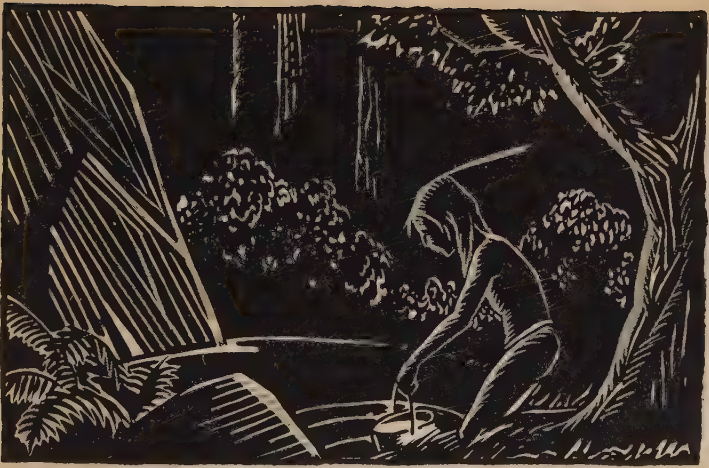
Now the wind was rising, and everything seemed alive. In the darkest place in the forest a terrible cry came close behind him.

"Hoo-oo-oo!" It was only an owl, but as the boy started to run a grapevine cut his face. Everything seemed to be after him. He ran to the spring, where he filled the pail with water. He went stumbling back. But it was easier than the first time, and the pail was nearly full.

Again the pail was passed around the circle, and again each chief grunted "Ugh!" Again the biggest chief spilled all the water upon the ground. Passing it back to the boy he said, "Go to the spring and bring a pail *full* of water."

The boy grasped the pail quickly and turned to the forest. Not once did he look back. He did not mind the noise of the trees, for he knew it was only the wind. Now he did not mind the bats flying near his face; and when he heard again that call behind him, "Hoo-oo-oo!" he called back: "Who-oo! Who's afraid? I'm not!"

When he reached the spring this time he filled his pail full to the top and said to himself, "I'll walk every step of the way and not spill a drop."



When the biggest chief took the pail and saw that it was full, he said, "Ah-haa!" Each chief looked at the pail and said, "Ah-haa!"

This time the biggest chief set the pail upon the ground. Then he stood up, and putting his hand upon the boy's shoulder, he said to him, "Brave boy, for you have conquered night!" The next chief then stood up and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered fear!" Each chief, in turn, called the boy brave.

Last of all came Black Hawk, the boy's own father. He too put his hand upon his son's shoulder as he said: "Brave boy! Worthy to be the son of Black Hawk! Worthy to grow up and some day be a great Indian chief, for you have conquered what is hardest in all the world to conquer. You have conquered yourself!"

Taking the red feather from his own head dress, Black Hawk put it in the head dress of his son. Together they walked to the wigwam — the Indian chief and his little son who had conquered not only night and fear, but even himself.

MARION COLMAN (*Adapted*)

Making a Story

Here are parts of ten sentences. Put each of these parts into a sentence that tells about Black Hawk's little boy. Then you will have a little Indian story of your own.

frightened by the wind
afraid of the dark
conquered his fear
laughed at the noises
walked all the way
did not spill a drop
conquered himself
wore the red feather
worthy to be Black Hawk's son
worthy to be chief

Two Great Heroes

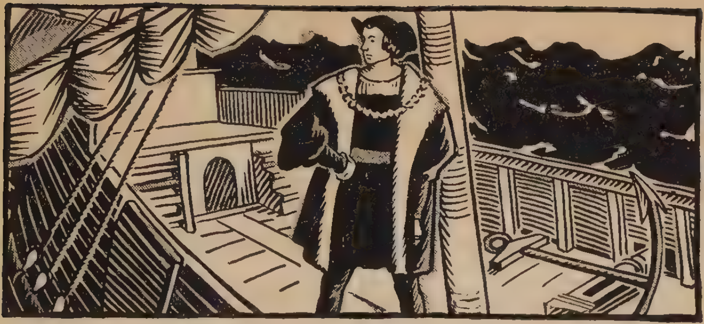
More than four hundred years ago a young man surprised the world by what he did. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a little sailing vessel. He discovered America. He did what no man had done before.

His name was Christopher Columbus.

A few years ago another young man surprised the world by the great deed that he did. He flew all alone in the air across the Atlantic. He did what no man had done before and became one of the world's greatest heroes.

His name was Charles Lindbergh.

The next two stories will tell of the adventures of Christopher Columbus and Charles Lindbergh, — two men who will never be forgotten.



Christopher Columbus

In Italy, a far-off land near the sea, lived a little boy. His one thought was, "I want to be a sailor." "I must be a sailor," he would say to himself.

At last, by hard work and study, he became a great sailor. His name was Christopher Columbus.

When Christopher was a boy, people knew very little about the world. They thought that the earth was flat, and if they traveled far enough they would come to the edge and fall off. They also believed that the ocean was full of whirlpools, dragons, and terrible sea monsters. But not Columbus. He had no fear of the sea.

When Columbus became a man and a good sailor, he believed, with a few other men, that the earth was round.

"The earth is like a ball," he said. "And so I can reach the East by sailing west."

Columbus knew that if the earth was round this could be done. And the brave sailor wanted to prove it.

We know, now, that the earth is round and that we can reach the East by sailing west. But in Columbus's time it was very different. And so the brave sailor had a hard time getting ships and men to sail with him across the ocean. Many people thought he was crazy.

But at last, because Columbus was brave and honest and would not give up he got the help that he needed. The king and queen of Spain helped him to get ready three little sailing vessels. And Columbus was now ready for his great adventure.

On the morning of August 3, 1492, the little ships sailed off. But they had not gone far when the sailors wanted to turn back.

"Let us go home!" they cried. "We see nothing day after day but water, water, water! Let us turn back!"

"Sail on," commanded Columbus.

For days and days they sailed. No land! And still Columbus commanded, "Sail on, sail on and on!"

At last the sailors said: "We will not sail on. Columbus is crazy, and if we go on we shall all drown and be eaten up by the dragons in the sea."

So they planned to kill Columbus and throw him overboard. They would then turn back home to their families.

But Columbus begged his men to be brave and hopeful and commanded them once more to sail on.

For weeks the little boats were tossed and tumbled about by the waves. Sometimes it looked as if the sea would dash them to pieces. The men were homesick and hungry, but they could not eat. It was a terrible trip. Columbus himself must have been discouraged, but he would not turn back.

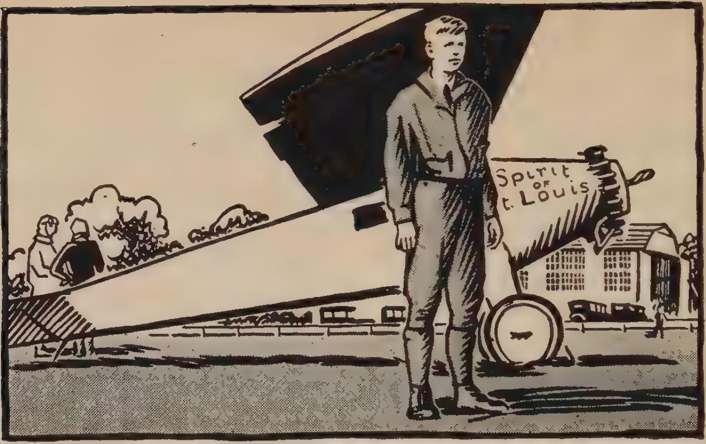
"I will not turn back," he said, "no matter what happens."

At last, on the night of October 11, Columbus saw a light. It was not a star. It was low down near the water, and it moved. Columbus called a sailor to him. "Look!" he cried. "Do you see a light? Look! Look! Is that a light? Oh, tell me that it is!"

"Yes!" cried the sailor. "It is a light! a light! a light!"

"Thank God!" said Columbus. "Land is near!"

But it was not the East, as Columbus thought. It was a new land. It was America. Columbus did not know it, but he had discovered America. And since that day, more than four hundred years ago, he has been one of the world's greatest heroes.



Charles Lindbergh

On a morning in May in the spring of 1927, a tall, blue-eyed young man was pacing up and down at an airport in New York City. If he had said "I am Charles Lindbergh" to people standing by, they would have paid little attention. They might have said: "Well, what of it? Who's Charles Lindbergh?"

But thirty-three hours later every one in the world knew who Charles

Lindbergh was. Kings, queens, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief — all knew that Charles Lindbergh was the most talked-about man that day in all the world. He had flown, all alone, from New York to Paris, 3600 miles, in thirty-three hours!

When Charles was a small boy going to school in Minnesota, his one thought was "I want to be a flier." After he left school and went to work on his father's farm, his thought still was "I want to be a flier."

Finally he said, "I will be a flier." Charles knew that flying meant much more than wearing a helmet and goggles and sitting in the cockpit of an airship. So he went into training and worked and studied hard. He became an air-mail pilot.

He could now say, "I am a flier." And he was a successful flier. It was said of him that he never took any foolish risks, but that he was always brave and sensible.

A prize of $25,000 had been offered to any one who would fly from New York to Paris. Young Lindbergh did not care so much for the prize money as for the flying. He wanted to show that an airship, carefully built and driven by a well-trained pilot, could make the trip safely. And such a trip, he knew, would do much for aviation.

Because Charles was brave and honest and knew so well how to handle an airplane, some friends in St. Louis helped him to buy a lovely silver-colored monoplane. It was named *The Spirit of St. Louis.* Charles himself paid two thousand dollars toward the plane. This was all he had. But he risked it for the flight. How proud of this wonderful ship of the air Charles was as he flew to New York for the great adventure!

When he reached the airport in New York some one asked, "What are you going to do?"

"We," he replied, meaning his airship and himself, "are going to fly to Paris."

"Alone?" the people asked.

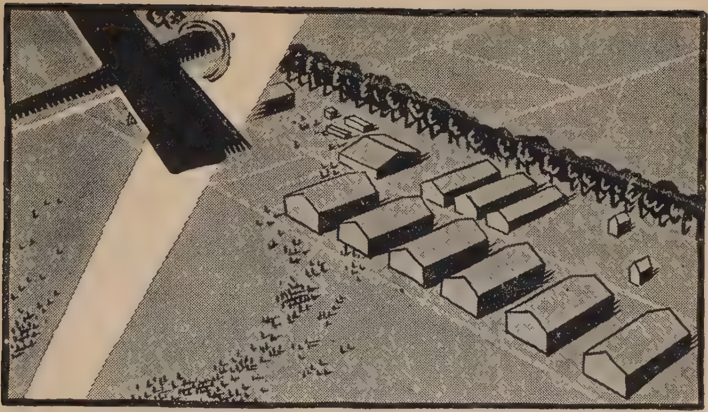
"Yes," said Lindbergh.

On the morning of May 20, 1927, he started off. The newspapers announced that a brave lad had started on an adventure such as the world had never known before. The people of Paris had been told of his start.

On and on the brave lad flew! He knew that he must not sleep. The engine must not stop.

All went well the first day. But that night a sleet storm was in his path. Lindbergh knew that a sleet storm could quickly wreck his plane. He flew low, ten feet above the foaming ocean. The sleet was there. He flew ten thousand feet high and got out of the storm for a time. The moon shone over him like a friend. He fought the sleet storm and won!

All the next day he flew. He ate a sandwich and drank a little water. The instruments in front of his seat told him he must be near Ireland. How his brave heart must have leaped when he saw land once more! It was the coast of Ireland, but he must not stop yet.



On to Paris! Two hundred miles farther!

Word had been sent that he should reach Paris in the evening. Many people gathered at the flying field to welcome the hero. It was ten o'clock, and great search-lights swept the sky to beckon the brave lad to a safe landing. Suddenly out of the darkness, like a great silver bird, his plane swept down from the sky. A tall, slim young man stepped out.

"I am Charles Lindbergh," he said.

And in a few hours the whole world knew who Charles Lindbergh was and what a great thing had been done. He was the first man to fly, all alone, across the Atlantic. He did for aviation just what he had hoped to do.

Every one wanted to honor him. Every country did honor him. He came back to America a real hero. Great celebrations were held in his honor, but all of the glory did not spoil him.

Because of what he is, and for the great deed that he did, all the world loves him. And the name of Charles Lindbergh will never be forgotten.

A Good Test

Here are some hard words that you must be sure to know. Put each word in the sentence where it belongs.

alone
because
since
through
while
unless

1. Many years have passed ------ Columbus discovered America.
2. Lindbergh was the first man to fly all ------ across the Atlantic Ocean.
3. Whir-r-r! went David's stone ------ the air.
4. William Tell was to die ------ he could shoot the apple from his son's head.
5. Jenny Lind's face always looked lovely ------ she sang.
6. Black Hawk's son was called brave ------ he had conquered his fear.

A Candle

A candle, a candle
To light me to bed;
A pillow, a pillow
To tuck up my head.

The moon is as sleepy as sleepy can be,
The stars are all pointing their fingers at me,
And Missus Hop-Robin, 'way up in her nest,
Is rocking her tired little babies to rest.

So give me a blanket
To tuck up my toes,
And a little, soft pillow
To snuggle my nose.

LEROY F. JACKSON